THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

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Historical Society

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WANTED—Salesmen and saleswomen for occasional work. Must have some selling experience. Apply CANADIAN DEPARTMENT-STORES, Limited, Napanee. 24-a

SALE OF USED CARS—Some nearly new. Closed cars at great bargain prices. Come in and see them before you buy elsewhere. You can surely save money. At CARD'S GARAGE. 37-tf

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont. 6-tf

WANTED—We have a few used cars in good condition for sale. Would take horses or cattle or any kind in exchange. Bring on your live stock. PAUL'S GARAGE. Phone 198. 10

RAINCOAT taken by mistake, at Tamworth Masonic banquet on Wednesday, May 9th. Will the other person also having wrong coat, kindly call or notify MARK GILMOURE, Tamworth. 25-b

HOUSE FOR SALE—The home of the late Mrs. Florence Casey Ostrom, frame, good repair, electric light, water service, full lot, good garden soil, Piety Hill, Napanee. Apply to U. M. WILSON Napanee, Solicitor for the Vendor. 48-tf

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PUBLIC NOTICE

Special Meeting of the County Council of the County of Lennox and Addington.

Take notice that pursuant to the provisions of Section 299 of the Municipal Act, Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1927, Chapter 233, the Municipal Council of the County of Lennox and Addington will take into consideration the passing, and if approved by the majority of the Council, will pass at its meeting specially called for said purpose, to be held on Monday, the 18th day of June, 1928, at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon, at the County Council Chambers in the County House, Napanee, a BY-LAW to borrow $20,000.00 for the purpose of meeting current expenditures of the Corporation during the year 1928 unprovided for, being a part of the deficit in current expenditure of the Corporation during the year 1927 unprovided for.

W. G. WILSON,
County Clerk.

Dated April 30th, 1928. 23-g

Remitting Money

We sell drafts, money orders and cable remittances on all parts of the world.

Customers are assured careful, quick and economical service.

THE DOMINION BANK

Established 1871

Napanee Branch, C. Waite, Manager

ST. ANDREW'S W.M.S.

On Friday afternoon, May 11th, the W.M.S. of St. Andrew's church met in the church. The mission-ary watchwords and creed of the W.M.S. were given in unison, followed by prayers for the work in Korea. The Scripture lesson was read by Mrs. Metcalf, after which Mrs. MacGregor led in prayer. A former member, Mrs. Richardson, of Belleville, was welcomed. Envelopes were distributed for the special offering for the Girls' High School in Hamheung, Korea, the need of which was recently told us, by Dr. Florence Murray. Contributions will be received by Mrs. Howitt. Mrs. McLaughlin sang that beautiful hymn, "In the Garden," which was greatly appreciated. Mrs. J. M. Thomson gave a most interesting review of Chap. II, of "Christ of the Indian Road," which deals with the motive and end of Christian Missions. Rev. Stanley Jones, the author, says he would not turn over his hand to westernize the East, but he would give his life to Christianize it. He thinks the best way to make India free, economically, socially and politically is to give her Christ as the spirit of Christ is the supreme necessity for life everywhere, in East or West. Mrs. Laughland and Mrs. Corkill, who had just returned from the Bay of Quinte Conference branch meetings in Lindsay, brought reports of inspiration and enthusiasm. Mrs. McMurrin closed the meeting with prayer after which tea was served by Mesdames Templeton, Mackenzie and Metcalf.

NEW SHORT-CUT AUTOMOBILE ROUTE ACROSS LAKE ONTARIO.

With the opening of scheduled service across Lake Ontario, between Cobourg, Ont. and Genesee Dock (City of Rochester) N.Y., via steamers of the Ontario Car Ferry, automobile tourists will again be able to take advantage of this excellent "short-cut" route between Ontario and Central New York. The steamers will operate Sundays, Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays, from May 26th to June 28th, inclusive, and daily commencing June 30th. The service will be leaving Genesee Dock 8.35 a.m., arriving Cobourg 4.15 p.m., returning, leaving Cobourg 3.15 p.m., arriving Genesee Dock 8.00 p.m.

As the automobile accommodation available on these steamers is limited, reservations should be made in advance through Canadian National Agents at Cobourg, or B. R. & P. Railway Agent at Rochester. Apply to your nearest Canadian National Agent for further details. 24-b

ERINSVILLE.

The farmers in this locality are nearly through seeding, and a good crop is expected. The alfalfa beds also look very promising.

The remains of the late Mr. John Harrison arrived on Tuesday, on the morning train from Toronto, where he had gone a couple of weeks ago. The funeral, one of the largest ever held here, proceeded into the church of the church, where mass was celebrated by Rev. Father O'Hanlan. Nearly one hundred motors followed the remains to the cemetery. Mr. Harrison was a man of great business ability and was well and favorably known. He leaves a wife, five sons and seven daughters to mourn his loss.

M. J. and P. J. Hopkins and sister went to Belleville over last week-end and brought back to the Hotel Dieu, Kingston, their sister, Mrs. Ben McRae, who has been seriously ill.

Mr. J. J. Neville is getting his cottages ready for the summer tourist business.

Mr. Chas. O'Neil is preparing to open his pavillion.

The cheese factory opened on Monday of last week.

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Dundas St. Napanee

Watch our Weekly Specials
That Little Store that Sells a Little Cheaper.

W. ROY McGREER

THE MEMBERS WANT A RAISE.

Stimulated thereto, probably, by the demand of the judges for higher salaries, members of Parliament are now advancing claims for an increase of salary, or indemnity. It is a new illustration of the power of example. Judges should undoubtedly be highly paid. Many of them give up lucrative positions at the Bar and make heavy financial sacrifices, being somewhat compensated by prestige and social influence. Without in any way suggesting that any of our judges are venal, there will be no disputing the contention that judges should be paid well enough to place them above temptation. From many points of view there can not be the same objection to increasing the salaries of judges as there is to adding to the remuneration of members of Parliament.

Members of Parliament receive a sessional indemnity of four thousand dollars. In addition, they travel free on all Canadian railways, as a matter of right, and of favor, and have the franking privileges of the mails, giving them free postage, a most valuable consideration. In return for these valuable items in money or kind the members of the House of Commons are in attendance at Ottawa three or four months of the year. That is to say, each member receives remuneration for his attendance at Ottawa, amounting to about two hundred and fifty dollars per week, or one hundred dollars per session, this in addition to free travelling and postage facilities. What else they get only Heaven and themselves know. Not bad remuneration as things go these expensive days.

The real question to be faced in this connection is this: Who would have to pay this increased remuneration of members of Parliament? Strictly speaking, it would come out of the general revenues of the country. But actually it would come out of the pockets of the common, ordinary people, the farmers, the merchants, the working people and the professional classes. The cost of it to the big corporations and industrial companies would be infinitesimal and they would pay it gladly, after all, receive many quids pro quo from Parliament and members of the House of Commons. If all goes back to this basic fact, that taxation ultimately rests on the backs of the common people of whom, as Abraham Lincoln said, "the Lord must be very fond because He made so many of them."

Statesmen and politicians must also be very fond of the common people, the ordinary, average, everybody people, because there are so many of them to pay the piper, as are in receipt of incomes compared with which one thousand dollars per month pounds like Rockefellerism. Some of us will approve paying the members more. Let them cut down their long sessions. The members of Parliament are those of a century or more ago. "Cut the cackle and come to the horses." One month's time would serve all the purposes of Parliament and the government of the day could then get on with the business of administering the country. Our representatives have the matter all in their own hands. Shorten the time of Parliamentary sessions, cut the term in two and that will be equivalent to doubling the sessional indemnity. But spare us, gentlemen. We also have our families to maintain.

"REDUCING" IS DANGEROUS.

Dr. V. V. Anderson Says It Often Leads to Underweight.

The craze to reduce, indulged in by many members of the gentler sex, is not regarded with favor by Dr. V. V. Anderson, director of medical research for the R. H. Macy Company of New York, judging from his remarks made during the course of an address in Convocation Hall, Toronto, recently on "Vocational Guidance and Mental Hygiene in Industry."

"In our investigations we have found that this craze to get thin leads in many cases to underweight and has resulted in low blood pressure," he said. "These women develop into a low production problem and become a liability to their department. We have discovered that many have failed to fill their jobs satisfactorily owing to late hours and insufficient food. Too much emphasis cannot be placed on the weight relating to physical and mental health."

By psychological tests the fitness of any person for any particular job could be determined, Dr. Anderson said. Employment in the long run, according to him, was a clinical diagnosis and was the bringing to bear of scientific methods of determining fitness by obtaining the social, home, health and work histories of the individual. In this way a great deal could be done for workers in finding out the personality elements that made for success or failure.

"Every business and industrial concern should go over its employes from time to time to find out if they are in the positions which are best suited to them," the speaker said.

A Malay Superstitution.

If a Malay child falls ill after receiving its name, it is temporarily adopted by another family, who give it a different name.

A Weather Jest.

Nature cannot jump from winter to summer without a spring, or, from summer to winter without a fall.

Iceland's Language.

Inhabitants of Iceland speak the Norse language.

PRESENTATION AND ADDRESS

The Sunday School room of Grace United church on Friday evening, was the scene of a pleasant social gathering, when the choir entertained Miss Maude Greene, a valued member, who is soon to take her departure to make her future home in the United States. A short time was enjoyably spent in speeches, games, etc., following which Mr. B. M. Black read an address, and Miss Lois Stalker presented Miss Greene with a handsome travelling bag, purse and fountain pen. Miss Greene kindly thanked the members of the choir for these tokens, and words of appreciation as expressed in the address. Following is a copy of the address.

Napanee, May 11th, 1928.

DEAR MISS GREEN:

We, the members of Grace United Church choir learned with regret of your departure for your new home in the United States and we take the opportunity at this meeting to express our appreciation of the faithful services rendered by you in your connection with the choir, not only by your faithful and regular attendance, but by your willingness to assist at any time you were called.

While we are very sorry to lose you, we want you to carry to your new home the best wishes of the choir and we ask you to accept these gifts as a token of our regard and esteem, and trust that in years to come you may look back with many happy memories of your association with the choir of Grace Church.

Signed on behalf of the choir:
ETHEL C SEYMOUR.

Victoria Day
Celebration at Picton!

Thursday, May 24th

Races, Baseball, Sports.
Dance in Armouries at night
Enjoy a good holiday in Picton
Plan to come and bring your friends.

SILLSVILLE.

The warm, bright May days have arrived; fields and lawns are looking fine and the first day of last week the men have been busy sowing the seed and putting in the garden. A number planted potatoes last week, while the women are occupied with housecleaning and beautifying their homes with shrubs, bulbs and flower seed planting.

The Institute meeting for May was held at the home of Mrs J. Y. McMullen on Tuesday afternoon, with a fair attendance.

Owing to a severe attack of tonsilitis over the week-end, Miss Elsie Magee was unable to return to her school until Tuesday.

The Adolphustown Baseball Club are putting on a social in the town hall on Wednesday evening, and the Hayburn orchestra will supply the music.

We are sorry to report that Mr. Robert Merritt met with an accident while taking his daughter to her school on Monday morning last. In rounding a curve at Mr. Fred Gallagher's, the car left the road at the bridge, and plunged into the ditch. They escaped with no serious injury, but the car was badly damaged.

Much interest has been aroused in your locality by the purchase by the T. Eaton Company of the Canadian Department Store, formerly The Robinson Co., Napanee and the lady shoppers are keen to take advantage of the special sales put on every Friday.

ODESSA.

Word has been received of the death of Thomas Tobin, who passed away at his home in Syracuse. The deceased was a son of the late Michael Tobin and was born and lived here for a short distance from here, and will be remembered by many.

The many friends of Mrs. Geo. Bahen will be sorry to hear that she passed away in the Kingston General Hospital last Monday morning. Although in poor health for some time the sudden death came as a great surprise. The deceased was born here and a number of years of her married life were spent in the village. To mourn her loss besides her husband, and two daughters, Mrs. Reid, of Kingston, and Doris, at home, and several step-children. The funeral was held in the Free Methodist Church on Wednesday afternoon and interment took place in Willon Cemetery. Rev. Linstead conducted the services.

Mr. George Paul and Mr. Archibald Babcock, Toronto, and the Misses Clara and Emma Shofey, Newburgh, called on Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Smith and Mrs. George Watts recently.

Mrs. J. B. Ettinger and daughter, Bessie, and Mrs. Walker, of Kingston, were also their recent guests.

Miss Frankie Asselstine is visiting her sister, Mrs. (Rev.) Shaver, Winnipeg.

Mrs. S. J. Sproule is visiting relatives in Rochester and Syracuse.

The many friends of James McQueen will be pleased to learn that he is recovering nicely from his recent illness.

MRS. HAROLD SWEET.

A deep gloom was cast over Selby when the wife of Harold Sweet, nee Clara Cook, passed away after a brief illness in the General Hospital, Kingston. All that medical skill and loving hands could do was to no avail, as God called her to rest at four o'clock in the afternoon of April fourteenth at the early age of thirty-six years.

Deceased was a woman of sterling quality, bright and cherry in the home and a loving wife and kind mother, beloved of all who knew her. While her body was racked with pain, her mind was drawn to higher things of life, and often her voice was raised in prayer and song. The floral tributes were many and beautiful, including a large wreath from the Ontario Motor Works, of Oshawa, where the deceased's brothers are employed, and many others from friends showing the high esteem in which she was held.

The funeral service was held in Selby United Church, conducted by her pastor, Rev. Oliver, of Roblin. A large concourse of friends followed the remains to Camden cemetery, where she was laid to rest to await the great resurrection morn.

She leaves to morun her loss, her husband, two small sons, also her mother, Mrs. A. Cook, one sister, Mrs. L. Heyman, of Kingston, four brothers Grant of Selby, Cecil, Murray, of Oshawa. Her father predeceased her several years ago.—Contributed.

ADOLPHUSTOWN.

The farmers are rushing the seeding as fast as possible.

The meadows and pastures are growing rapidly and may not have suffered as much as was thought at first.

The new ferry boat is in operation at present and is quite an improvement on the old boat, as several more cars can be accommodated at once.

We are sorry to report that Mrs. C. F. Allison, who has been in poor health for some time, is not gaining very fast.

Quite a number from here journeyed to North Fredericksburgh when the Dorland Dramatic Club presented their popular play, "Back to the Farm."

A very interesting meeting of the W.M.S. was held at the home of Mrs. Carr.

DESERONTO.

Mrs. Cuthbert Sager is a patient in a Kingston Hospital, where she underwent an operation on Tuesday last.

The Steamer Brockville called at the wharf on Wednesday morning.

Miss Stella Vandervoort, of Toronto, is the guest of her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Vandervoort.

Mrs. Richard Shaw, of Ottawa, is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Stewart.

Mrs. Charles Stewart was a bridge hostess on Saturday afternoon.

Mr. F. S. Richardson, of Toronto, is the guest of his mother, Mrs. Scott.

Mrs. Thomas Beggs is seriously ill.

Mrs. E. W. Scott was a recent visitor in Toronto.

Rev. Thomas Gault, curate of St. Matthew's Church, Toronto, is the guest of his mother, Mrs. T. D. Gault.

WILTON.

The May meeting of the Wilton Women's Institute was held in the Orange Hall, Wilton, on Tuesday afternoon, May 8. The meeting opened with the "Ode" and was followed by the "Lord's Prayer," repeated in unison. After the roll call the minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. The question of "First Aid Kits" for our schools, was discussed, but laid over until the June meeting to be decided. The yearly report was read by the secretary and showed a balance on hand of $57.09.

As this was the annual meeting, the election of officers took place, and are as follows:

President, Mrs. W. G. Snider; 1st vice-president, Mrs. Oliver Henderson; 2nd vice-president, Mrs. Charles Connors; secretary, Mrs. Archie Simmons; treasurer, Mrs. Byron Rutlan; press reporter, Miss Helen Babcock; assistant reporter, Miss Ida McPherson; branch directors, Mrs. B. Rutlan and Mrs. C. Babcock, Mrs. W. S. Moffett and Mrs. Stuart Simmons; district director, Mrs. Harry Shibley; pianists, Miss Ethel Babcock and Miss Evelyn Connors; Fruit and Flower Committee, Mrs. Maitland Houlton, convener, Mrs. Byron Rutlan, Mrs. Clarence Babcock and Mrs. William Forsythe.

The electing of the representatives for the annual convention was left over for the June meeting. The meeting closed with "God Save the King," which was followed by the social half hour. The roll call for the June meeting is paying membership fees.

The planning of our new program will also be dealt with at our June meeting. All are requested to attend. The meeting addressed by the Government speaker in Odessa, at a near date.

WHERE PLUCK WINS.

Bucket-Shop Proprietor (lecturing his corps of salesmen): "All my success, all my financial prestige, I owe to one thing alone—pluck, pluck, pluck."

Salesman: "But how are we to find the right people to pluck?"—Exchange.

SEEN FROM THE SIDELINES

Those who have not been following the game of Softball as played by the girls here and elsewhere in this province, have been missing more than they realize. When we read of the excitement caused by annual Lasker-Capablanca duel for chess supremacy; when we hear of thousands watching a six day bicycle race, or when we see tremendous crowds watching the Marathon swim at the Toronto Exhibition, with eyes glued on the lake, watching the contestants battle past, we are moved to wonder how much more excitement these fans would get out of watching a game where there is speed and action in every second's play.

For Girls' Softball is a game which will give a thrill to the most hardened sport follower. Not only do they play real ball, with trick plays and headwork that would please a veteran, but they do it so well when they do it. The ball fan will get a kick out of seeing a Ruth or an Alexander lean on the old apple for a homer, but isn't it a far more pleasing spectacle to see a nattily clad little girl do the same thing, and in a far more graceful manner?

On the next two holidays, May 24th and June 3rd, the Napanee Rec. has arranged to stage in two of the outstanding girls' teams from Toronto and Hamilton. On Victoria Day the Hamilton Cardinals, champions of Hamilton and points west, will play here in the evening. This is the first trip so far East, but their fame has preceded them. Hamilton has long been known as a good town for junior, sports, for under the coaching of Captain Cornelius many schoolboy and schoolgirl athletes from the ambitious city have carried off the honors in the biggest meets in Canada and the U.S. From Philadelphia to Chicago the Hamilton teams are everywhere known as the teams to beat. And it is these same players who are shown in the roster of the Hamilton Cardinals. We have heard of sport and who miss this game will never cease to regret it. The Napanee girls are at big expense in entertaining this team, and it is up to Napanee to show them that they appreciate their efforts in bringing to this city reputable teams in to play here, by patronizing the Napanee Leafs. The game will be played in the Armouries in the evening, and a dance will be held afterward.

On the King's birthday, the ever famous and decidedly popular Siebering Nationals, of Toronto, will again do their stuff. This will be the third trip of the Siebering Nationals to Napanee. Their management writes that they have had many offers of games for that day, but in towns, where they might make money from the gate receipts, but that the girls all held out for Napanee. Napanee always gives them a good crowd, and a good time. Let Napanee again live up to their reputation. These Nationals are getting to be as well known as our own players. Only two of the last year's team are absent from the lineup, "Babe" Booty and "Gerry" Stubenesky, who played third and second. All the others, Doris Tomlin, "Eddie" Crawford, Marion Thume, Kay Connacher, Nancy Barr, "Tiny" Seymour, Thelma Golden, Marge Elliott, Emily Gaudi and a few newcomers will be here, and from the notices they are now receiving in the Toronto papers, they are very much playing ball in mid-season form, having been beating several senior teams in exhibition games.

It is likely that our girls will have to keep the visiting teams over night, as it is a bit too much to ask them, after playing all day, to take a midnight train home, and it is probable that the girls will have to ask some of the fans to accommodate one or two players. So if you have room for one or two of them, please let Miss Marion Grass or Miss Hazel O'Neill know about it.

CROYDON.

The teacher and pupils cleaned the school yard on Arbor Day and took their baskets to the woods for a picnic at noon. They all enjoyed themselves, as the day was perfect in every way. At the close of the day's sport Marion and Helen Fowler were asked to come forward and Miss Bessie Doupe read the address and the Fowler children were the recipients of a gift by Violet King and Annie Close, on behalf of the school and teacher. Marion Fowler thanked the teacher and scholars and invited them all to see them in their new home at Canaan.

Mrs. John R. Kring is visiting her mother and brother at Bloomfield.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Armstrong and grandson, of Deseronto, were recent visitors at Mr. Perry Armstrong's.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Herzog and daughter, Margaret, of Kentucky, motored over and are spending a couple of weeks with her father, Mr. Thomas Dewey, while en route to Western Canada, to a place called Topas.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Close have secured positions with E. Lochhead for the summer and left on Monday last to begin work.

COMING :-: EVENTS

A CHILD WELFARE CLINIC FOR the pre-school child is held each Thursday, from 2 to 4, in the Council Chamber, under the direction of the Victorian Order of Nurses. 46-tf

CHEVROLET

My customers say when we meet,
"You're a fellow we're sure glad to greet"!
Each one of 'em's told me,
"That Used Car you sold me
Is the finest F'l car on the street."
—Okay Karr.

"Satisfied"
Says Okay Karr
"You bet—
All my buyers are"

IF you want to buy a Used Car with the full knowledge of what you buy . . . if you want to feel that you are getting a square deal . . . if you want to know you are going to be satisfied . . . if you want to get honest value for every dollar you spend . . . then *YOU* are the man for whom this O. K. Used Car policy was established. By using the Chevrolet O. K. tag on our Used Cars we are offering you the utmost protection and satisfaction. Look for the tag on the car you buy,

OK-626C

Overland 4 Coupe	$425
Ford Coach	$350
Chevrolet 1 ton Truck, 1926	$500
Star Coupe	$300

USED CARS
with an OK that counts

C. A. Wiseman
Napanee, Ont.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY G. C. TRUMBULL,
(Editor of The Sunday School Times.)

JESUS TEACHING IN THE TEMPLE.

Sunday, May 20—Mark 12 : 13-44.

Golden Text—He taught them as one having authority. (Matt. 7 :29.)

Think of trying to trap God ! Christ is God, and certain Pharisees and Herodians sought " to catch Him in His words. (Luke 20 : 20), describes these men unsparingly as "spies which should feign themselves just men." They were hoping He would utter treason in some way, so "that so they might deliver Him unto the power and authority of the governor." In barefaced duplicity they pretended to honor Him, speaking words of hypocritical admiration ; then they asked the question they felt sure would involve Him : " Is it lawful to give tribute to Caesar, or not ?"

If the Lord answered "Yes," He would antagonize the Pharisees and other Jews who longed to throw off the Roman yoke. If He said "No," this would mean sedition, so they reasoned. And when we reason against God, our reasoning always falls through, as theirs did.

Our Lord's first reply must have struck a chill to their hearts. "Why tempt ye Me ?" Why were they so blind and foolish as to propose an ensnaring test for the Son of God ? Then He continued with Divine dignity and righteousness, utterly to discomfort them.

He asked them to bring a Roman coin, a denarius, that He might see it. Silently, perhaps awe-struck, they brought it.

Now the Lord is asking questions, not His inquisitors. "Whose is this image and superscription ?" They must have been wondering where He was leading them, to what conclusion He was going to force them, but they had to answer, "Caesar's."

Then came the crushing, unanswerable decision straight from the throne of God : "Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's." It was so clear so simple, so final. No wonder, then, "they marvelled at Him."

He simply told His questioners that men ought to do their duty by God and their duty by men. They were to respect human government, and they were to respect Divine government. Was Christ trapped, or were His critics ?

A beautiful deduction has been drawn, just here. On the coin was the image of the Roman Emperor Caesar. That coin, therefore, belonged to him whose image it bore, so far as taxes were concerned. But what about men —whose image do they bear ? At the beginning God said, "Let Us make man in Our image" (Gen. 1 :26). To those who are ready to render to God the things that are God's, we hear the words spoken, "I beseech you, therefore brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service" (Rom. 12 : 1). The Lord Jesus was covering more in his brief reply than any one who heard Him then realized.

Now another group tries to trap the Son of God. There were the Sadducees, who "say there is no resurrection." This sect was in the council that tried Paul thirty years later ; there we read that "the Sadducees say that there is no resurrection, neither angel, nor spirit" (Acts 23 : 8). Evidently they believed not only that the body is never raised from the dead, but also that there is no continuing life after death, even of the spirit. So they asked the Lord about an imaginary woman who had successively married seven brothers ; after they had all risen from the dead "Whose wife shall she be of them ?"

It is not a pleasant experience when proposing a profoundly difficult question to be told that one is an ignoramus. Yet the man who parades himself on being able to set his intellect over against the Word of God always and inevitably exposes his ignorance. Most people who criticize the Bible do not read it, and it is easy to expose their ignorance. Our Lord did just this as He answered : "Do ye not therefore, err, because ye know not the scriptures, neither the power of God."

He then showed that there is no marriage relationship in the future life ; so the Sadducees' question became a ridiculous one. Then the Lord pierced beyond their question, and exposed their ignorance still farther at He dealt with their denial of any future life. He reminded them that in part of their Scriptures, the book of Moses, God said, "I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob." The earthly life of those three patriarchs had ended four centuries before God spoke those words to Moses. Yet God said He was the God of those three men. Then came the relentless logic of the conclusion : "He is not the God of the dead, but the God of the living : ye, therefore, do greatly err."

God is not a God of dead men. He is today the God of Abraham, Isaac, and of Jacob ; for the spirits of these men of God are living in His presence today, and their bodies will yet be raised from the dead and reunited to their spirits

One of the listening scribes was touched in his heart. In evident sincerity, and perhaps heart-hunger, he asked the Lord about important spiritual truth, the first commandment. Our Lord's heart went out to him ; this man was not trying to trap Him ; and there came a reply of revealing helpfulness. The scribe realized this, and showed his acceptance of the truth the Lord had given. Then came that searching and inviting word from the Son of God : "Thou art not far from the Kingdom of God." Other questioners were silenced ; they dared not go on. Did this scribe, then, by faith, step into the Kingdom of God ? We shall know when we are in the presence of the Lord

Hard and soft cut wood for sale. 'Phone 53.

ROBT. LIGHT. 46tf

Here and There

(62)

Quebec.—When the 1928 shipping season opened here April 22, the Canadian Pacific St. Lawrence fleet supplied fifty per cent. of the steamers that docked with S.S. Montclare, Montreal and Belfast. The three ships carried in round figures 2300 immigrants aboard mostly of British stock and destined for farms in the West.

International Advertising Convention and Exposition to be held at Detroit, July 8-13, is already attracting wide notice and will contain under one roof everything relating to organized advertising in every phase. Advertising men from overseas will attend and bookings are being made on Canadian Pacific liners from Great Britain and Europe well ahead of time in view of the heavy demand for travel that will arise.

Sixty-five miles of salmon fishing in the Cains River, New Brunswick, were enjoyed recently by five anglers from Chicago with the U. S. Middle West and by a party of New York newspapermen, including W. McGeehan, internationally known New York Herald-Tribune sports writer. Both parties were staying for about a fortnight in the camp of Hayes Allen, well known New Brunswick guide. They travelled Canadian Pacific to their fishing destination.

Okanagan.—Word is received from Washington that the Okanagan project, during the last year, had a higher per acre yield of apples and a consequent higher acre return to the grower, than any government irrigation project in the United States. The local project, with 5,567 acres in apples, has a yield of 36,142,750 pounds, or 9,852 pounds to the acre, a yield which brought the growers a return of $1,030,854, or the 5-year record price of $289 an acre. On the Yakima project the average yield was 9,602 pounds to the acre or at the rate of $246.16 per acre. The nearest approach to the Washington record was on the Sun river project in Montana, where the average was $153.33 an acre, followed by the Boise project, with a price of $148.

Ottawa.—The Department of Agriculture has issued a report showing how the Canadian "Moth" plane is combatting wheat rust—how the Canadian Air Force, the Federal Department of Agriculture and the pathological plant of the Manitoba Agricultural College at Winnipeg are uniting to fight the enemy. The report says : "The work consists mainly in the exposure of slides at different altitudes and at different locations. These aeroplane exposures attempt to collect from altitudes of from 1,000 to 5,000 feet the date of the earliest appearance of rust spores, the region over which they first appear, the rate at which the spore content of the air increases over various regions, the visibility of spores caught at these higher altitudes and the relation of certain environmental and climatic factors to the rate of development and spread of rust. Tightly stoppered bottles are used, containing wooden paddles to which are attached microscopic slides lightly smeared with vaseline. These slides are exposed for 15 minutes at varying altitudes; the slides replaced in the bottles and then returned to the Government laboratory at Winnipeg."

POTEEN-MAKING.

Irish Police Find Many "Stills" Working In Bogs.

Forty persons were imprisoned and ninety fined for poteen-making in the Free State in 1927. The number of detections and seizures of illicit "stills" and the number of persons prosecuted were greater than in 1926.

The excise duty on whisky is a great temptation to the small farmers and others in the mountains and glens of the west and northwest of Ireland and the islands off the coast to try their hand at whisky-making. The heavy fines and imprisonment are now beginning to tell against that temptation.

Under the licensing act of 1924 certain areas are scheduled, and the sale of materials that could be used in the manufacture of poteen has to take place under license from the police. Nevertheless, the peasants manage to get supplies of raw material and to fit up new distilleries when their equipment is confiscated ; but police vigilance is making their task ever more difficult. Experience has shown the police that curiosities and weddings are often prevented by a "run" of poteen for the celebration, and they are on the watch when any such event is expected in the scheduled areas.

By watching the travelling tinkers they also find out replacement of equipment and make seizures. The fact that the number of seizures is much greater than the number of detections is due to the ingenuity of the poteen makers, who select bogs or other common property for their operations so that ownership cannot be established. They are ingenious as bootleggers, but their occupation is becoming more and more difficult in the church and state against them.

TO COMBAT ERYSIPELAS.

Physician Claims to Have Reduced Mortality With Antitoxin.

Erysipelas may now be added to the list of diseases vanished by man, Dr. Konrad E. Birkhaug of the University of Minnesota School of Medicine, told the American College of Physicians.

As a result of four years of work, Dr. Birkhaug has discovered an antitoxin treatment for use in the early stages of erysipelas that gives results commensurate with those obtained through the use of diphtheria antitoxin in the early hours of that disease.

The erysipelas treatment reduces to half the time that the patient must spend in the hospital, Dr. Birkhaug told the doctors. The mortality in adults has been reduced from 12 to only four per cent., while recurrent attacks of erysipelas have been prevented through a course of immunization through the use of toxin.

A new glass, said to admit health-giving ultra-violet sun rays, is being moulded into hats for women.

Don't let the Martins get away from you!

"I'm sorry the Martins are moving away," said Mrs. Drummond to her husband. "It will mean that we are going to lose track of some very nice people!"

"I don't see why it should. If a good customer of mine moves away we follow him up by Long Distance. Don't let a little thing like distance separate you from the Martins!"

A great change has come over Long Distance telephoning. Now it is almost as rapid as local telephoning. You give Long Distance the distant number and, in a great majority of cases she is able to make connection *while you hold the line.* The Long Distance operator will look up the distant number for you, if you don't know it, and tell you what it is.

Still better, give us a list of the friends or customers you are likely to talk with. We will find the numbers and return the list to you.

845

ROSE TO MERCHANT PRINCE.

Poor Paris Boy Founded and Developed a Great Enterprise.

M. Ernest Cognacq, one of the merchant princes of France, the proprietor of the Samaritaine stores, and one of the greatest French philanthropists, died recently, aged 89.

M. Cognacq's life was a romance of commerce. He went to Paris without fortune and unknown from his native town of La Rochelle in 1885 and applied without success for a job as errand boy at the newly-founded Grands Magasins du Louvre.

Eventually, with his small savings, M. Cognacq started a shop in the Rue de Bucy. Success did not attend his early enterprises, however, and he was forced to abandon Paris for a time and to sell his stock at provincial fairs.

In 1872 he married Mlle. Jay, and from that time dated the success of the Samaritaine establishment, which he had founded two years earlier. The joint capital of the couple was $1,200, but in two years they leased two other shops and had 40 salesmen.

For over half a century M. Cognacq and his wife personally managed the business which they had founded. Both of them were always to be found at the establishment half an hour before it opened in the morning, and they were the last to leave it.

M. Cognacq founded the Cognacq-Jay Foundation, which looks after needy and sick drapers' assistants, provides maternity nursing homes for their wives, and boarding houses and rest homes for young girl employes. He and his wife also gave away great sums in a dozen other ways.

During the last thirty years of his life M. Cognacq built up a collection of modern pictures, including some by the great painters of the last century, all of which he has bequeathed to the French nation.

The Magasins de la Samaritaine are among the largest department stores in Paris. Mme. Cognacq died in December, 1925, and by her express instructions the stores continued business as usual on the day of her funeral.

TINIEST GRANDMOTHER.

Mrs. Meyer Is Only Twenty - Three Inches Tall.

What does life mean to a midget ? Mrs. Leo Wilhelm Meyer, the most unusual midget mother in the world, 23 inches tall, who has a normal husband and a normal child, finds it infinitely worth while.

At the birth of her daughter in her native Amsterdam, twenty-four years ago, two hundred physicians and scientists from all parts of Europe were drawn thither by the strange phenomenon, almost unknown to medical science.

Her handsome baby weighed twelve pounds and was normal in every respect, with not the slightest trace of midgetry. Now for twenty-four years she has watched and cared for her, has seen her wed and become in turn the mother of two children, so that Mrs. Meyer is the tiniest grandmother in the world.

Mrs. Meyer was born of parentage normal for generations back, and thousands of dollars were spent, without avail, to make her normal.

Biologists and physicians have never been able to explain exactly the reason for dwarfs except that, as in the case of cretinism, it is arrested development, over or under development of the pituitary gland. Gigantism is due to excessive gland development, while cretinism or dwarfism is due to defective development of the same gland system.

Mrs. Meyer is now forty-seven, hale, happy, and healthy, although she hardly reaches to the top of your table.

Her husband, a lion tamer, is normal in every respect, 5 feet 5 inches tall, and still as much in love with his wife as when they were married, twenty-nine years ago.

Grannies' Club.

London has a grandmothers' club which meets every Tuesday afternoon. The women come from poor homes, and enjoy an afternoon of pleasure.

Electricity on a Steamer.

Electric power and light sufficient for a town of 70,000 inhabitants are produced by the machinery of an Atlantic liner of the largest size.

FISHMEAL VS. SKIM-MILK FOR PORK PRODUCTION

(Experimental Farms Note)

The value of skim-milk as a source of animal protein in the ration is well known to those engaged in the raising of bacon hogs. In many cases, however, the supply is limited and a suitable substitute is desired that will give good gains, develop the right type of hog, and be economical to purchase.

In 1923-24 an experiment was carried on at the Dominion Experimental Farm, Nappan, Nova Scotia, wherein 24 hogs were fed from weaning to finishing on a grain ration containing 8 per cent. of fishmeal. Another group of 25 hogs was fed the same grain mixture, plus 300 pounds of skim-milk per 100 pounds of the grain mixture. The fishmeal fed group gained .95 pounds per day, at a cost of 10.2 cents per pound, while the skim-milk lot gained .94 pounds daily, at a cost of 8.4 cents per pound. The fishmeal and skim-milk were charged at $100.00 ad $4.00 per ton respectively.

In 1926 two experiments were carried on. In each case a check pen which received no animal protein supply, was included in the test. The average daily gains recorded were as follows : Fishmeal fed lot, 1.25 pounds, skim-milk fed lot, 1.1 pounds, and the check group, .93 pounds. The average costs per pound gain were 8.78 cents for the fishmeal fed lots, 7.57 cents for the skim-milk lots and 8.36 for the check lots.

In 1927 two more experiments were conducted. The gains were slightly lower with the fishmeal groups than with those fed skim-milk, but both lots showed greater gains than the check pens.

In all of the experiments outlined, the hogs in the fishmeal fed lots were equally as good or better in type and finish than those fed skim-milk and both lots showed marked superiority over the check lots. The 1927 fed hogs were graded by a representative of the Live Stock Branch and the results were as follows : Fishmeal group, 90 per cent selects, 10 per cent shop hogs ; skim-milk groups, 80 per cent, selects, 20 per cent, thick smooth ; check groups, 50 per cent select, 30 per cent thick smooth and 20 per cent. shop hogs.

Averaging the results of all experiments, it was found that the hogs fed fishmeal gained 1.01 pounds per day, those on skim-milk .985 pounds and the check lots .907 pounds, at a cost per pound gain of 9.5, 8.15 and 9.04 cents.

The digestible protein in the fishmeal cost 8 cents per pound, if the skim-milk is charged at the same rate, it would be worth $5.76 per ton instead of $4.00 and the cost per pound gain would be 8.8 cents, instead of 8.15. Fishmeal analyzing 70 per cent total protein or 63 per cent digestible protein and selling at $80.00 per ton, is one of the cheapest protein feeds on the market at the present time and if fed in the ratio of 6 to 8 per cent of the meal ration, will give good gains and develop a good type and well finished bacon hog, providing a balanced ration is fed.

From the experiments above outlined, fishmeal is recommended to the man who is growing market hogs and has only a limited supply of skim-milk at hand.

A small Ad. in the "Want" column in the Napanee Express will bring results.

FARMING IN THE PEACE RIVER DISTRICT

When the full history of Canadian agriculture is written, one of the most fascinating chapters will be that devoted to the development of the Peace River country. From Beaverlodge, Alberta comes the report of the Superintendent of the Dominion Experimental Substation, and it would be difficult to fid a record of government activity that is more optimistic. This station serves a very large area including the Upper Peace region extending far into Northen British Columbia, the Athabasca watershed, and part of the North Saskatchewan valley. From as far west as Hudson Hope settlers are cooperating with the government farm in the growing of alfalfa and sweet clover.

Land that was barren and looked upon as waste is now producing wheat and growers in Grande Prairie and the Valhalla Valley report yields of 64, 68 and 70 bushels to the acre. The channonship wheat and oats at the Chicago International Show was grown in the Peace River country.

The report of the work conducted at the Beaverlodge Substation may be obtained from the Publications Branch, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa. It contains much interesting information on the growing of cereal and forage crops, horticulture, bees and poultry.

That the weather is good in the Peace River country is evidenced by the fact that excellent threshing weather prevails until well into November, and that roads are good until New Years, the elevators at steelhead being continually choked with arrivals of grain up to that time .

H. W. SMITH
Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College. B. V. Sc., of Toronto University.
OFFICE—Centre Street.
PHONE 61

THE PICTUREGRAM.

New Invention Combined Pictures and Music.

The latest development in the gramophone world is the Picturegram —an invention combining pictures and music, which in these days of tentative television and synchronization of pictures and music should prove popular.

The machine looks like an ordinary portable gramophone — indeed, it is no bigger—but when opened the lid becomes a "proscenium" across which the pictures fit, controlled by geared mechanism which is in turn controlled by the revolving turntable so that synchronization is perfect.

The secret of this synchronization lies in the fact that the artiste making the record actually sings to the picture. That is, the picture-roll—which is made before the record—is put into motion on the recording machine before the artiste's eyes, and he sings to it, governing his speed by the speed of the picture.

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THE SILVER KNIGHT OF THE STAR

A Romance Of Drusenland

By Percy Brebner

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"You don't seem very pleased to see me," he went on in an injured tone. "I've been living chiefly in prison since I saw you last. I looked for a good meal and then to telling you my story."

"Tell me first who is this you have with you?"

"He is one of the king's guards now. I brought him back with me. I captured him."

"That's a good beginning to a tale, indeed. You could no more capture him than you can make a fool of me. Is he looking for a good meal too?"

"If you please, Bridget."

"Well, you can have what I've got, which isn't much. You've never done over your share of the providing, Dennis, but I've missed the little you did do. Mind, you're not forgiven. I'll feed you, and I'll hear your tale. If the tale doesn't please me, out you go. I'm going to have no more nonsense."

After the meal came the tale. The king had been satisfied with a little compared to what O'Ryan thought necessary to set Bridget's suspicions at rest. But he pleased her not the least by telling her how much he had talked of her to me. This was one of the few truths the whole story had contained, and I willingly indorsed it.

The following day I was introduced to my comrades of the king's guard. It chanced that my duties took me to the fortress, and since Costa, with whom I had to do, had taken a liking to me I saw more than I should have done in an ordinary way.

As Costa showed me what he was pleased to term some of the things of interest, I did not wonder that O'Ryan spoke of the fortress of Yadasara with respect. Here were instruments of torture not on show—not diabolical inventions of the past exhibited for the present to shudder at, but machines which had been used only a few days ago and might be used again tomorrow.

Costa opened a heavy door, and a damp atmosphere met us. He took a key and, going to a slab in one corner of the floor, unlocked it and lifted the slab by a ring which was fastened in its center.

"For dead men," he said, pointing down.

A smooth slide went down at an angle, and as I bent over to look I could hear the faint sound of water washing restlessly.

"Into the river?" I asked.

"Yes. From many of these dungeons there is such an exit. They lead into one big shaft which goes deep into the water under the rock."

"And so out into the river?"

"Sometimes. If the weight attached to the body to keep it down should slip off the body might rise in the river. I heard of one case. If you should ever cease to be loyal make friends with the executioners. They can mingle their work and kill quickly."

Only one ambition had I—to learn the way out of Drusseniand. That evening in the guardroom I brought the conversation round to the subject with two or three of my comrades, carefully, of course, not to excite wonder.

"There was the sound of water, I remember," said one. O'Ryan had said the same.

"Running water?"

"No, falling water."

I remembered the waterfall that poor Mustapha and I had started out from Bruyle to see. Could it have anything to do with the entrance to Drusseniand?

It was toward the evening of the next day that, being off duty, I wandered towards the lower city in the direction of the northern gate. The sharp clatter of horses' hoofs upon the rough road suddenly disturbed my thoughts. I did not wish to attract attention, so stepped back into the corner of a building. Coming up the street was a knight followed by two of the king's guards. He was a mere stripling, but he set his charger well and made a brave show in his glittering armor. He did not look a formidable opponent, and I would not see a flint upon his harness—that sure trademark of past combats. A carpet knight, still he was young and pleasant to look upon, and I watched him as he came without feeling any particular interest in him. He was almost level with me when he drew rein and waited for the men to overtake him. He pointed apparently to the fortress and asked some question. I could not hear the question nor the answer given, but in turning to speak he gave me a better view of his face. It was familiar to me, strangely familiar. I felt convinced that it was not in Yadasara that I had seen him, and if not it must have been in the service of the princess. No, he was not one of the knights I had known there. Who was he? What had he come to the city for? In my restless state of mind his advent made me doubly anxious.

I asked no questions; there was no need to, for the news of the stranger's arrival was already known.

"You'll have an opportunity before long, Clinton, of repaying your enemies for putting you in prison," said one.

"Oh! How so?"

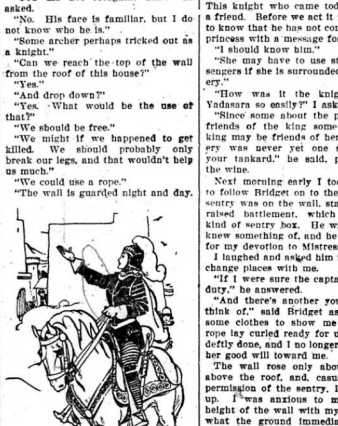
"A knight has just come to the palace with news."

"From the rebel camp? I saw him passing through the streets. What news does he bring?"

"You're in too great a hurry, Clinton. They say the king will not talk of business tonight, so the news will not be told until tomorrow. Who was the knight? Did you know him?"

"No."

Who was this knight who, coming from the princess' camp, was allowed to enter the city so freely? He not was closing in upon us, and a sickly fear took hold of me.



HE POINTED APPARENTLY TO THE FORTRESS

CHAPTER XVI

I WENT to O'Ryan. When I met him he said:

"I've made a discovery Verrall"

"So have I."

"The same, perhaps"

"It is likely. I hurried here to find you."

"A lot has happened since I was in Yadasara last, or else I didn't keep my ears wide enough open when I was here. For a long time past Vasca has been in treaty with the king. At a favorable opportunity he is to deliver up the princess to her enemies."

"The scoundrel!"

"There's a regular conspiracy, Vasca is only one of the scoundrels. There are dozens of them at the princess' court, and there are hundreds of men ready to desert at the count's bidding. In Yadasara Vasca has many friends and, it is said, may play a double game with the king, openly serving him while he waits his opportunity to dethrone him and reign in his stead. A pretty piece of villainy, eh, Verrall?"

"And our position, O'Ryan?"

"Faith, it's much the same to us whoever wins. We stand to lose. I overheard that the time to accomplish this villainy is ripe. It is to be done at once, Verrall; how I don't know, but it's quite likely we shall hear tomorrow."

"Quite," I answered. "Now the coming of the knight is explained."

"The coming of what knight?"

I told him what had happened that evening.

"You did not recognize him?" he asked.

"No. His face is familiar, but I do not know who he is."

"Some archer perhaps tricked out as a knight."

"Can we reach the top of the wall from the roof of this house?"

"Yes."

"And drop down?"

"Yes. What would be the use of that?"

"We should be free."

"We might if we happened to get killed. We should probably only break our legs, and that wouldn't help us much."

"We could use a rope."

"The wall is guarded night and day.

There is a sentry always behind this house." He crossed to a window which commanded a view of the wall. "There is always one stationed there. Just now there are two."

"Well, man, suggest something. We are wasting valuable time," I said somewhat irritably.

"Let's go and eat."

Food was upon the table ready for us, but Bridget was sullen. O'Ryan attempted to make the conversation general and did his best to be humorous. Bridget was not to be cajoled, and there was no smile in me.

"Perhaps you're right," he said suddenly after laughing at one of his own gallies. "It's not a time to be merry, and, faith, my tankard's empty."

"Our friend here is in danger, Bridget," said O'Ryan, leaning back after a long draft.

"What kind of danger?" she asked.

"We don't quite know," he answered. "The fact is, Bridget, the king has strange fancies, which vary often in accordance with what he sups upon. It may be that I shall not be able to convince the king how mistaken he is if he is inclined to think ill of Clinton, and in that event the best thing Clinton can do will be to get out of his majesty's way."

"Easier to speak of than it is to do," she replied. "I never yet heard of a man escaping if the king was bent upon his punishment."

"Our friend Clinton may be the first to do so," said O'Ryan. "Being first is not always the place one would choose, but it's a position somebody must always occupy. Think you there is a rope handy long enough to reach from the top to the bottom of the wall?"

"I think I could find the rope."

"Very well. Now, is there a ring in the roof firm enough to fix this rope to—firm enough to bear the weight of a man?"

"Yes."

"Then we'll fix the rope in case of necessity."

"The sentry will see you."

"I have a better way," she said suddenly. "I have been washing clothes today. I will hang them to dry. I can fix the rope and let it be hidden under some of the clothes. Does your friend go tonight?"

"No."

Bridget left us.

"Why not tonight?" I asked.

"That could be the last resource," he answered. "It will be the most dangerous way you've ever traversed. The way you got into this country was child's play to the road you'll take out of Yadasara if you have to use the rope. Patience; we're not caught yet. This knight who came today may be a friend. Before we act it will be well to know that he has not come from the princess with a message for us."

"I should know him."

"She may have to use strange messengers if she is surrounded by treachery."

"How was it the knight entered Yadasara so easily?" I asked.

"Since some about the princess are friends of the king and some about the king may be friends of hers. Treachery was never yet one sided. Fill your tankard," he said, pushing me the wine.

Next morning early I took occasion to follow Bridget on to the roof. The sentry was on the wall, standing by a raised battlement, which formed a kind of sentry box. He was a man I knew something of, and he chaffed me for my devotion to Mistress Bridget.

I laughed and asked him if he would change places with me.

"If I were sure the captain were on duty," he answered.

"And there's another you'd have to think of," said Bridget as she lifted some clothes to show me where the rope lay curled ready for use. He deftly done, and I no longer questioned her good will toward me.

The wall rose only about six feet above the roof, and, casually asking permission of the sentry, I clambered up. I was anxious to measure the height of the wall with my eye to see what the ground immediately below was like and to look at the surrounding country.

"An impregnable city," I said.

"Yes," answered the sentry, "and this is one of the lowest parts of the wall."

I nodded him a farewell, hoping he would not be the sentry when the time came for me to go.

"Sharp eyes and wide ears, remember," said O'Ryan as I went to the palace.

The day passed slowly. The king's revels had been protracted to the early hours of morning, and I doubt not the generous wine had flowed freely.

It was late in the afternoon when the king came. He passed through the chamber in which I was stationed, leaning upon the arm of a friend and cracking some jokes with him as he went. Soon afterward the knight who caused me so much anxiety passed. Either he did not see me or else he had no message for me, for he went through the room looking neither to right nor left.

It was dark when I went off actual duty. The king not having retired, I was not at liberty to leave the palace, so made my way to the guardroom. A kind of cloister, open to the square, ran along outside the guardroom, and, the night being warm, we gathered there, two or three together, to drink our wine.

Suddenly the tramp of men sounded in the square, and I saw O'Ryan at the head of his company. I was seated in such a position that he must have seen me, but he took no notice. It was an unusual thing for him to be there at all. I heard a captain of the guard ask him the reason.

"The king's orders," he answered shortly.

Then there was the flare of torches in the square, and the king came out, followed by several knights. I only noticed one particularly, the one who walked beside him, the strange knight who had come to the city yesterday. I saw the king whisper to him, and the knight's eyes wandered round the square in search of some one.

With my comrades I had risen to my feet and stood waiting.

The king did not look toward me, but the knight did and our eyes met. Then he turned to the king and spoke to him.

"Perhaps it is no sight for such eyes as yours," I heard the king say. "Believe it or not, as you will."

The knight bowed and crossed the square toward one of the entrances to the palace. There he paused.

"There is a traitor among us. Guard the square well. We shall find a short way of dealing with him. It is easy to play the traitor, but he shall find it difficult to bear the punishment."

Escape seemed impossible, but that short method the king spoke of came as a tonic to me and gave me the courage of desperation. I saw O'Ryan with his company waiting for the king's command. I saw the knight still at the palace entrance regarding the scene as he might have watched an interesting comedy. Who was he? Surely it was he who had betrayed me.

There was a pause—a silence which seemed long. Then the king looked at me quickly, straight and without hesitation. He knew exactly the spot where I stood.

"Seize the traitor, Clinton!" and his arm shot out, pointing at me as he spoke.

It was no time to plead. My sword was in my hand in a moment, and I rushed to the open side of the square. It never occurred to me that I could save my life, but I might escape the fortress. I looked to see O'Ryan rush to fight his way out with me, but he did not do so. Instead he gave a word of command to his company and, leading them, drove me on.

"For the king's honor! Seize the traitor!"

I was betrayed, indeed, and by the man I had trusted. I dashed onward. That the command to arrest me had come suddenly gave me the advantage for a moment. Those about me had no time to lay hands upon me. I was half across the space toward my only hope of escape before a man came within reach of my sword, and then I seemed to be surrounded.

"Take him alive!" I heard a voice cry. The devil who cried it was behind me. The devil was O'Ryan! Into the thick of my enemies I went, always a little space before me cleared by the swing of my weapon. Yet they closed in upon me. Hands behind attempted to hold me, but I shook them off.

They rushed in upon me on every side. I struck right and left with my sword. I struck out with my left arm. I struggled forward. My enemies fell back from me. Only one man seemed to stand between me and freedom. I saw him from my path and sprang over him as he fell.

"Take him alive!"

The cry was behind me. My enemies were behind me, and I rushed madly through the streets of the city.

I did not know the city well, and to my dismay I soon discovered that I had traveled in a circle. Suddenly a dim arrow in the street beckoned to me. It was the strange knight. He led me into a narrow passage and through a door but a few moments before my pursuers rushed past. O'Ryan, it seemed, was the traitor, not the strange knight.

"I believed that it was you who had betrayed me. I have wronged you," I said.

"I have a message for you from a woman who loves you well," said the strange knight, "so well indeed that your heart is her only home, and thus she enters it."

The last words were hissed out as a swift blow struck me. I was saved from death by the mailed shirt I wore. I knew the strange knight now—Lady Aldrida!

She threw her arms around me and called to my pursuers. I had to tear myself from her. She staggered backward and fell. I escaped into the next street and soon found myself opposite O'Ryan's house.

There were lights within. Two or three torches were before the door, throwing grotesque shadows of men standing there, and in the street to the left and to the right were torches. The place was well watched.

I drew back into the passage down which I had come and considered my position. O'Ryan knew of the rope, and since he had turned traitor it was probably no longer in its place ready for use.

The more I weighed the possibilities so much the more did it seem to me that my only escape lay through the house opposite. There was another fact which hurried my decision. I heard the distant cries of other bands of enemies who had been scouring the city in search of me. If a desperate effort was to be made, now was the time to make it. I gripped my sword firmly, made certain that the dagger in my belt could be easily drawn and then, with a prayer for safety, dashed across the street.

The men before the door were taken by surprise, as I had calculated, but they recovered themselves more quickly than I had expected. I was not well within the doorway before the air was filled with shoutings and the darkness with rushing men.

"Take him alive! Take him alive!"

I dashed into the passage and sprang up the stairs, but I had little start in the race. My enemies were upon the steps behind me, and that I might not be struck in the back I was forced to turn upon them. It was a moment in which a man forgets the sacredness of human life. The first who sprang toward me fell back, with arms widespread, clutching at nothing in the air, his soul leaping into the unseen ere his body lay still. A second fell toward me fat upon his face. A third spun round and then pitched headforemost into the crowd of shouting men below. Step by step I mounted backward, my face to the enemy, my sword red from point to hilt, the perspiration standing heavy upon my face and arm.

"What is all this?"

The voice behind me nearly took me off my guard.

"Out of the way, old woman!"

"Strike him down!"

"Her husband shall cudgel her presently."

Shouting, they rushed at me again. Bridget was behind me, but she did not come close enough to hinder my defense. I thought I heard her growl with satisfaction as my foremost foes reeled backward on the steps. Still I retreated upward.

"The rope!" she whispered.

"Still there?"

"Yes."

She might be deceiving me, but her manner sounded honest. How was she still my friend when her husband was so vile a traitor to friendship?

CHAPTER XVII

"TAKE him alive!" came the cry. Yes, weakness meant that.

"The roof. There is only the sentinel."

Bridget's words put new courage into me. I stayed another rush and then sprang backward. I was almost at the top of the stairs now.

"Let me pass."

I knew the voice. Sword in hand, O'Ryan pushed his way through the crowd below, jumped across the body of the last man who had fallen and came at me. Had a dash to the roof meant absolute safety at that moment I do not think I should have taken it. My greatest enemy in the world was before me. Revenge and death poised the scales equally. It was his life or mine now. Those below seemed to recognize the supreme moment. They did not follow, but gave the captain free fighting room. I had the advantage of position, but his arm was fresh. Engaging me swiftly, he pressed me sorely. My mad longing for revenge drew an oath from me as he parried my thrusts skillfully. I had never seen him handle his weapon so well before.

With his eyes fixed on mine he watched his opportunity. With a swift stroke he got my sword aside and sprang at me even to the step on which I was standing.

"For heaven's sake wound me, Verrall!" he whispered.

I had done so almost before the words were spoken, how badly I did not know. He fell back into the arms of his comrades so heavily that I thought death had ended our acquaintanceship. My sword slipped from my hand, but I drew my dagger and ran to the roof. Bridget stood in my way a moment, but I pushed her aside and was on the roof before my enemies had time to follow me.

I flung the curled rope over the wall and then jumped forward to meet my last enemy, the sentry. He was unprepared and knew not how desperate a man he had to deal with. He struck one blow at me and then— Ah, it was most awful work to do! The dagger passed in softly underneath his arm, and he pitched from the wall like a log thrown out into space. My foes reached the roof as I grasped the rope and went over.

"A rope—cut it!"

"No! After him!" shouted a dozen voices in answer.

I had slipped down halfway, I suppose, when the words arrested me. A dozen could follow by the rope. I could fight against odds no longer. Only a dagger was in my hand, a useless weapon against odds. The rope above me swayed. My first adversary was already sliding toward me. I was prepared; he would not be—all the difference in a fall. I drew my limbs together and then, with a swift slash of my dagger, cut the rope above my head—and fell.

It was well for me that I landed on soft turf. I was cut and bruised, but escaped a worse fate. The man who followed me struck the ground with a sickening thud. He was not dead, but could not rise.

I reached the river and dropped my coat of mail and dagger into the water. I struck out, sore as I was. Soon I became conscious that I was being followed—at least I thought so. I felt a touch from a human hand. I saw a naked man close upon me. I grasped his throat and wrenched it. Then he sank. He was dead. I reached the shore, desperate and insensible.

A gray dawn was glimmering over the mountains of the east when consciousness returned to me. I remembered things slowly. I sat up, and then I remembered all [illegible] last night, for the same current that had brought me to land had later brought my ghastly companion. He lay at my feet at the edge of the water, his face upward, his open, sightless eyes staring at the gray sky.

The thought carried my mind to that other death—that death of crashing wheels and toothed machinery—and the possibility that occurred to me made me look at the man more closely. His limbs seemed long and loose. One arm was evidently broken. Could it be a prisoner who had made a friend of the executioner and had died so easily? There was a blue mark round his neck where a rope had been. Had not Costa said that the weight tied to a corpse slipped sometimes? This man, too, had escaped from Yadasara, but by the way only dead men took.

I sprang to my feet. I was a fool to wait here, so close to that terrible fortress. It was light now. Safety for me lay only in the woods. My enemies might know the set of the currents in the river and seek for my body in this very spot. I bathed my arms and legs and then made quickly for the woods behind.

It was well that I was wise in time, for even as I entered the wood I saw a party of horsemen coming from the bridge. Some went along the river bank, while the others spread in twos and threes familiar over the country. They did not intend me to escape. I plunged into the wood, keeping from trodden paths, and broke off a stout stick to help me to walk and to serve as a weapon in case of need. It would be a poor defense if I were once seen.

I came out from a thick piece of undergrowth on to a broad turf path and then drew quickly back again. Three soldiers had dismounted not two dozen yards away and were lying upon a bank.

From my leafy ambush I saw two other horsemen turn into the path.

"Not found yet?" called out one of the three I had first seen.

"No, and never will be," was the answer, and I recognized Costa. "I'd give a good deal to lay my hands upon him. I took a liking to him, and it's hard to know that one has loved a traitor."

"This traitor's a man at least," said one.

"I shouldn't have taken a liking to him if he hadn't been. I think he is dead."

"We ought to have found his body."

"The river has that," was the answer.

"It didn't keep the prisoner who died yesterday," said his companion. "He was lying on the bank, a sorry sight enough."

Presently all five mounted and rode slowly up the path, and I crept through the underwood again. Perhaps I should have been safer had I stopped where I was, but inaction was impossible. Besides, hunger and thirst were prompting me. A few berries might be found and a stream. I must have wandered far out of my way, for I came suddenly upon a small clearing. A but built of stout logs was there, and before it was an old woman facing half a dozen horsemen.

"You've searched," she was saying. "There's not a hole where a man could lie concealed. What have I to do with your fighting?"

"You have seen no man pass this way today."

"No. I was within, and the door was shut."

"Mark you, dame, there is a man wandering in these woods, and he'll want food. Maybe he'll ask you for it. If you give it this hut will be without an owner. Were he your son even you should not escape!"

"Maybe not, but I'd chance that and give him food if!"—

The horseman muttered a threatening oath, turned and left the old woman standing at her hut door. As soon as they were out of sight she shook her fist at them. The action made me wonder if I could trust her. Within the hut doubtless were food and drink, and both I sorely needed; perhaps, too, a corner where I could rest a little.

She stood at the door for a few moments and then came to the side of the hut to pick up a bundle of sticks. It was risky, but I was almost fainting for want of food.

Holding up my hand in warning, I stepped into the clearing. She saw me and let the sticks fall, but she did not utter a sound.

"They are for the king," I whispered. "I am for the princess. Who is your son for?"

"The princess."

She beckoned me to follow her, and I entered the hut.

"You shall eat first and, if you will, tell me the tale afterward."

It was frugal fare she set before me, such a pottage that at other times my stomach might have turned against, but now enjoyable as the dainty feast of an epicure, and then I told her a garbled version of my story, true enough in particulars, but wanting in detail.

"You're a brave man," she said. "My son would have acted so, for he is a brave man too. Now let me look at your wounds. Living he was, wounds, no old woman find strange herbs."

She could not have used me more tenderly had I been her son. In the midst of her work she stopped suddenly. She had quick ears.

"They are returning."

"Good mother, give me some weapon and my life shall stand between them and you."

"There is a better way," she answered. "Come with me."

She led me into a small back room and, pushing some faggots back from a corner, opened a door.

"It's a well," she said, "but it's something more. Catch hold of the rope, hang at arm's length and your feet will feel a ledge. It is the floor of a little

(Continued on page 6.)

GET IT AT WALLACE'S

Pa's Son-in-Law

BY JOVE, THIS IS BECOMING INTOLAWRABLE! MOTHAW INSISTS UPON THWOWING THINGS AT ME CALLED HER A SILLY, FAT, OLD FOOL, AND EVERY TIME SHE SAYS HE SHE LOSES HER TEMPAW AND—AND HUWLS A-A-A VAWSE AT ME!
AND HER AIM IS SO BEASHLY UNEWRING, TOO—MY POOR HEAD IS COVAWED WITH BUMPS BUT—MY MIND IS MADE UP—SHE'LL THWOW NO MOAH VAWSES AT ME!
UH-GOSH! LOOKS LIKE HE WAS GOIN' TO GO AWAY FROM HEAH!
© 1928 N.Y.TRIBUNE, INC.
—HEAD WORK—
GEE! WHEN I GOT THAT VENTRILOQUIST FELLA TO THROW HIS VOICE SO'S Y' THINK HE IS COMMING WITH TIMES BUT—MY MIND IS MADE UP—I DON'T DARE! HOPE IT WOULD BE TH' MEANS O' GETTIN' RID O' TH SAP FOR GOOD!
BY WELLINGTON
ER-UH—WHAT TH' SAM HILL ARE YOU DOIN'?
GLUEING THESE BALLY VAWSES TO THEAH PEDESTAL—SO THEY'LL STAY THEIR MOTHAW CAN GET THEM LOOSE, I CAN BE OUT OF RANGE!

We can supply you with any height from 3 to 8 feet of this strong, sturdy fence. No boards or top rails necessary. Five times as serviceable as netting. It gives your flock real protection. All styles of Peerless Farm, Poultry or Lawn Fence carried in stock.

WILSON'S HARDWARE
Napanee, Ont.

No Change in the Price
Hair Cut
35c.

FRED S. SCOTT
BARBER and TOBACCONIST
John St.
(One door south of Express Office.)

F. C. MARTIN & SON
FUNERAL DIRECTORS AND EMBALMERS
22 Years' Experience

Ambulance Service in Connection
Prompt attention to night or day calls.
Office Telephone No. 74.
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24-tfn

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We are exclusive agents for DeForest Crossley and Marconi Battery and Batteryless Radios. 'Phone 367 and make an appointment with us for a demonstration.

We carry a complete line of Radio Accessories and Eveready Layerbilt Batteries.

A Wired House is a Cheerful Home

Have your house wired; estimates given free.

We carry a complete line of up-to-date Fixtures, Irons, and Toasters, Curling Tongs, etc.

Premier Duplex Vacuum Cleaner will sweep your rugs, polish your hardwood floors, and dry your hair. The motor and the power driven brush runs in ball bearing, the only vacuum capable of filling so many different needs and filling them right.

Now is the time to install an Electric Water Heater; hot water all summer at a small cost.

Then comes the Thor Washing Machine which for simplicity of operation and a minumum of upkeep the Thor has no equal

Beach and National Vacuums have exclusive features which can't be beaten.

Vacuum Cleaner and Floor Polisher to rent by day, or half day.

One 3-burner Coal Oil Stove for sale cheap—a good buy; also one Coal and Wood Range for sale.

One 5-tube DeForest Crossley Radio Console-model, cheap; also several types of Loud Speakers at reduced prices.

We issue Radio Licenses.

Vine's Electric Shop
MARKET SQUARE. 'Phone 367.
Residence 'Phone 112-F

WHERE RESTS YOUR LOVED ONE

there place the most enduring, the most beautiful evidence of your affection and devotion possible to obtain—a monument in imperishable **Marble or Granite**, designed, carved and erected by us, specialists in this work.

We will make special designs for you at the lowest possible cost.

Talk it over with
WM. M. HOWITT,
Napanee, - Ontario

Wall Finishes.

Muresco for your walls and ceilings, also Alabastine, a satisfactory cold water finish.
WILSON'S HARDWARE.

Poultry Wanted.

We pay the highest cast prices for poultry the year round.
THE M. B. MILLS CO.,
18-1-y Napanee.

Private Sale.

W. J. Doller, Dundas street, West, offers for sale privately: 1 Walnut bookcase and secretary combined (antique), 1 Walnut chest of drawers (antique) 1 Walnut sofa, 1 shutter verandah screen, 1 robe, tables, chairs and other articles. If you require any of these articles, see them at once.

Notice!
CHARLES GILES
TAILOR
Is at your service on the First Floor of the Harshaw Block
Pressing
Cleaning
Repairing
Alterations a specialty
If you want First-Class Work give me a trial
25-b

Messrs. Frank and Rae Smith

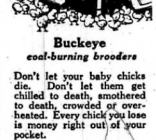
Have taken over the Insurance business of Mr. A. T. Turnbull

and will continue the business in the same office in the Oddfellows' Block.

They will be pleased to advise all prospective customers on insurance matters, whether Fire, Life, Accident or Automobile Insurance.

F. & R. SMITH,
Oddfellows' Block
In the office formerly occupied by A. T. Turnbull.
24-b

Stop the Losses of your Baby Chicks



Buckeye
coal-burning brooders

Don't let your baby chicks die. Don't let them get chilled to death, smothered to death, crowded or overheated. Every chick you lose is money right out of your pocket.

Buckeye Colony Brooders have proved their ability to prevent these losses. They have saved money for a quarter-million poultry-raisers. They have proved their chick-raising ability for twelve years.

Come to our store today and let us tell you how you can stop your losses and make more money from your poultry with Buckeye Brooders.

Buckeye oil-burning brooders
M. B. MILLS CO.,
Napanee, Ont.

GRACE UNITED CHURCH

REV. W. P. WOODGER, B.A., Minister.

9.30—Class meeting.
10.30 a.m.—Public Worship.
11.45 a.m.—Sunday School and Adult Classes.
7.00—Evening worship.
Monday 7.30 p.m.—Young People's League.
Wednesday, 7.30 p.m.—Bible Study and Prayer Meeting.

Visitors cordially invited to all services.

Farming Conditions Around Newburgh.

Farming in this district, which has been held up on account of the uncertain weather, is now going ahead and farmers are rushing their work in an effort to catch up with ploughing and seeding which was delayed. It is though that the crops will not be affected by the lateness of spring, and all are working toward having everything in readiness and seeding completed in a few days.

Cadet Inspection.

Ideal weather prevailed on Wednesday afternoon for the annual inspection of the Napanee Collegiate Cadet Corps. Inspecting Officer being Major Dupre, of Kingston. The Cadet Corps consists of one company of three platoons, the company commander being D. Conway, with Edmund Way second in command. No. 1 platoon was in charge of Leslie Merritt; No. 2 platoon, Walter Exley, and No. 3 platoon, Gordon Gibson. Lieut. Ernest Gibbard was in charge of Colors and Sergeants B. Asselstine, L. Baird and W. Smith were in charge of the platoons. Over 90 members of the Cadet Corps were on parade and many warm words of praise were given by Major Dupre, he voicing the opinion that of the many corps which he had inspected none excelled the Napanee Collegiate Cadet Corps. No. 3 Platoon had the honor of being declared the best in the company.

I.O.O.F. District Lodge. Met at Yarker.

The annual meeting of Napanee District No. 48, Independent Order of Oddfellows, was held in the lodge rooms of Yarker lodge on Wednesday evening, May 9th, at eight o'clock. E. K. Walker, D.D.G.M., presided. Representatives were present from Tamworth, Enterprise, Odessa, Napanee, Desoronto and Yarker, besides a number of other brethren. A goodly amount of business in the interest of Oddfellowship in the district, came before the meeting and was disposed of. Bro. Allan Burgess, of Red Rose Lodge, Enterprise, was elected Deputy Grand Master for the ensuing term, and the convention accepted an invitation from Enterprise Lodge to hold the next district meeting at that place. Just prior to the conclusion of the business of the evening, Bro. Blake Switzer, of Odessa Lodge, was presented with a Past District Deputy Grand Master's Jewel. The presentation was made by Bro. C. M. Wilson, of Napanee Lodge No. 86, and Bro. Switzer, in accepting the jewel, made a few happy and pleasant remarks. E. K. Walker, retiring D.D.G.M., addressed the convention, expressing to the lodges in the district his appreciation of the good will and assistance extended to him during his term of office. Following the convention, the Yarker brethren entertained all present with a delightful luncheon.

Choice Flower
—and—
Vegetable Seeds

We have in stock a full line of SEEDS, ROOTS and BULBS. Will also take orders for any kind of field seeds wanted.

Cut Flowers
Wedding and Funeral Designs

M. L. ALLINGHAM
Market Square,
Next to Paisley House.

BAY CIRCUIT

Rev. R. J. Merriam, Pastor

Sand Hill Church: Sunday School 10 a.m.; Public Worship, 11 a.m.
Hay Bay Church: Sunday School 1.30 p.m.; Public Worship 2.30 p.m.
Gretna Church: Sunday School 10 a.m.; Public Worship, 7.30 p.m.

Beautify your Home.

Use Martin-Senour 100% Pure Paints and Varnishes. Wall paints, floor paints, also brushing Lacquers, dries in 30 minutes. A complete stock of colors in all tints. Brushes, oils and glass. Prompt delivery. Phone 138.
WILSON'S HARDWARE.

Parking Cars on Dundas Street.

A few automobile owners appeared before the Police Magistrate on Monday and were assessed a small fee for not living up to the parking by-law regarding Dundas street on Saturday evenings, and with parking near a fire hydrant. Parking signs have been attached to the polls from Robert to East streets, and state that only fifteen minutes parking is allowed between the hours of six and twelve p.m. The police have their instructions to see that the law is observed and auto owners will do well to observe this law.

Conditions at Strathcona.

The Strathcona Paper Mill, which is now operating at full time, has plenty of work for the next season, and everything bids fair to outclass the conditions which have existed for the past number of years. The mill is a busy industry and a good number of people are being employed. Citizens believe that Strathcona is in for a boom and point to the fact that several buildings are being erected, chief among them being the fine residence of the manager of the mill, Mr. Finlay. This new building is now completed and occupied.

Napanee Boy Drowned at Antwerp, N.Y.

Clarence Kelly, six-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Kelly, South Napanee, was drowned at Antwerp, N.Y., on Tuesday morning, when the child's cart on which he was riding, plunged off a 25-foot bridge which spans the Indian river in front of the home where he was visiting his aunt, Mrs. Leary. The child was on his way to get the mail for his aunt, who was standing in front of the house when the accident happened. The boy was coasting over the bridge on his cart and plunged off the bridge into twelve feet of water. Mrs Leary rushed to the river and waded in to her shoulders in an effort to rescue the boy, but could not reach him. In a few minutes she secured assistance and the body of the lad was found about thirty yards below the bridge. The child had been visiting his aunt for the past two months, his mother being in Kingston General Hospital for treatment. The boy's father was notied and he went to Antwerp and brought the remains of Napanee for interment. The funeral took place on Thursday. The sympathy of the community is extended to the stricken parents.

Karl Gustav Adam.

The funeral of the late Karl Gustav Adam was held on Saturday, May 5th, from his late residence in the village of Denbigh, to the United Church and cemetery, Rev. P. A. Scott, pastor, officiating. Deceased had been suffering from a complication of diseases, chiefly heart trouble, for over a year. He had been treated at a Kingston Hospital for several weeks at three different periods and all that medical aid and relatives were able to do proved of no avail. Born in Germany, nearly fifty-five years ago, Mr. Adam came with relatives to Canada when in the prime of young manhood, and in June, 1900, twenty-seven years ago, he married Miss Margaret Greer, R.N., and settled on a farm about two miles from Denbigh village, later to enter the merchant's business in the village. Deceased was of a cheerful and ambitious disposition, and through his business was in contact with many, who deeply regret the loss of a substantial friend and helper. Besides his wife, he leaves to mourn an only child, Mrs. Lorne H. Thompson, one sister, Mrs. Paul Stein, also many nieces and nephews and a few near relatives in Germany. He was taken to the Hotel Dieu Hospital, Kingston, on Friday, April 27th, accompanied by his wife and son-in-law, the former remaining until the end, which came on Wednesday, May 2nd. The remains were brought to Denbigh the same evening via Lavant station and were buried on Saturday, May 5th, at 2 pm.

SUMMER SERVICE ACROSS LAKE ONTARIO VIA ONTARIO CAR FERRY, COMMENCES MAY 26th.

The scheduled summer service of the Ontario Car Ferry steamers across Lake Ontario, between Cobourg, Ont., and Genesee Dock (City of Rochester, N.Y., will commence Saturday, May 26th, steamer leaving Cobourg 3.15 p.m. Eastern Standard Time, every Sunday, Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, from May 26th to June 28th, inclusive, and daily commencing June 30th. The steamer will arrive Genesee Dock 8.00 p.m. and connecting train via B.R. & P. Ry. will arrive Rochester City 8.30 p.m. Northbound the steamer will leave Genesee Dock 8.35 a.m. (connecting train leaving Rochester 8.00 a.m.) and arrive Cobourg 1.35 p.m., same days and dates as indicated above.

Canadian National train services to and from Cobourg make excellent connection with these steamers, providing convenient service to and from Rochester and Central New York State points. Full information may be secured from your nearest Canadian National Agent.
24-b

JOYLAND SHOWS!
Coming to Napanee
May 21st to 26th, 1928

All Canadian Show. Amusements of the highest class, consisting of that greatest of all feature attractions known as

FUN-ON-THE-FARM

Don't miss it. If you have never laughed in your life, you will laugh at this.

MERRY-GO-ROUND. - CHAIR PLANE

Pleasure Rides for old and young. Games of skill of many kinds. Shows. Refreshments. Worth while prizes and a real good time.

Don't forget the place, MARKET SQUARE, NAPANEE
Come and enjoy yourself.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

Rev. Harry Pawson, Minister.

10.30 a.m.—Public Worship.
11.45—Sunday School.
7 p.m.—Public Worship.
Monday, 7.30 p.m.—Young People's Society.

Building Bargains.

Are you building or repairing? Send for Spring Bargain Circular and Free Catalog of Building Materials. HALLIDAY CO., HAMILTON, 81 Jackson St. East.

Take Notice.

That the Wednesday half holidays of the 1928 season start on Wednesday, June 6th and continue to and include August 29th, 1928. Stores close at 12 o'clock noon.

NAPANEE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
25-d

Odessa Boasts of their Climate.

Other places may talk as they like about splendid climate and healthy conditions, but Odessa feels that it holds a record for people, who have lived to very ripe ages, but who seem to be hale and hearty in spite of their ages. Mrs. William V. Smith is now ninety-four and is in good health. Then there are two women who, at ninety-three are happy and well, Mrs. William Henzy and Mrs. George Lucas. Mr. James Dennes, another good sample of citizen, is eighty-five years of age. The combined ages of these three people is three hundred and sixty-five years. Odessa people are proud of this and claim it as a record for the district.

Some Yarker History.

Three business men are al ithat remain of those who first went to Yarker when that place was but a small hamlet. These three men, Dennis Smith, Alfred Connolly, and Samuel Winters, believed in the future of the village and their vision has been well borne out. Mr Smith runs a blacksmith shop in the same establishment as when he went to Yarker, and he is doing a bigger business today than ever. He went there thirty-nine years ago and he recalls the old days when there were only two or three buildings in the centre of the town, which has since grown to considerable proportions. At that time, Mr. Winter's general store was in its infancy and now that it has matured it is still "going strong." The same can be said of Mr. Connolly's foundry. He followed his father's footsteps and remained in the same business, each year marking an increase. All three men have many friends who all wish them many more years of prosperity.

PECULIAR CAP ANTICS

BY ERWIN GREER
President Greer College of Electrical and Automotive Trades, Chicago, Ill.

Motorists at times will find their cars inclined to play peculiar antics when certain underframe parts become out of adjustment.

This much I will publish of the answers I give to peculiar questions.

"When operating my car at high speeds it develops an up-and-down bouncing motion which increases noticeably as soon as I reach a speed of 25 miles an hour. What, in your opinion, causes this condition?"

Answer: A small diameter wheel and tire, such as your car is equipped with, will show up any out-of-balance in a very pronounced manner when travelling at a speed in excess of 25 miles per hour. No doubt your trouble is entirely due to either an out-of-balance wheel, an eccentric wheel, or an out-of-balance tire. Any one of these three conditions will cause a similar reaction and can be detected and corrected very easily by any one familiar with wheel alignment.

Another motorist inquires: "My car is extremely difficult to hold to the road, as it has a tendency to pull to the right. I have had the car inspected and it apparently is O.K. every time the condition continues. What is the cause?"

I analyzed this problem as follows: The cause of a car pulling to the right or left is due to the friction of the road, and this is brough about by either a twisted axle, bent steering knukle, or shifted axle. Also a variation of air pressure will bring about this condition to a certain extent, as well as a bent frame. The thing to do is to obtain a proper alignment of the front axle with the frame and you will not have any more trouble.

Equalization of rear brakes represented another question, a motorist writing as follows: "I am having considerable difficulty in keeping my rear brakes equalized. When applying the brake there seems to be an uneven action, which is carried through to the brake pedal. What can you suggest?"

Here's the following solution to this problem: there is no doubt but that your difficulty is entirely due to eccentric brake drums and it would be my suggestion you have your brake drums turned-up by turning while they remain on the wheels. I am sure this will overcome your difficulty.

For the Lepers of India.

A Salvation Army leper settlement, financed with American gifts to Gen. Booth, will be established on the banks of the Ganges near Benares. The suggestion that the army should establish leper colonies in India was made to Gen. Booth by King George.

A Tiny Chapel.

Culbone Church, near Porlock, England, measures only 29 feet long, 12 feet wide and was founded by St. Culbone, a Glamorgan saint. There is no vestry.

ASSURANCE

THOSE who employ us have the assurance that they will receive the highest degree of service and satisfaction. We are equipped to handle a commission in a thorough manner. Our services are dependable and polite.

MASTERS TIERNEY
UNDERTAKERS
FULL MOTOR EQUIPMENT
MILLIPEDE WINDOW SHADES

UP TO DATE MARY

Mary has no little lamb,
Like she had long years ago.
But she has a pair of calves,
That she delights to show.

They go with her to school each day,
As faithful creatures do,
Where Mary draws a teacher's pay,
For imparting knowledge true.

Ye pedagogues of other days
Would deem her calves too shocking,
But Mary says it always pays
To buy a high-priced stocking.

And Mary wears expensive gowns,
Fast are very light and airy,
Not so showy for their cost,
But they show a lot of Mary.

—Royal Arcanum Bulletin.

WONDERLAND

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

"SAILOR'S WIVES," First National Picture, brings to the screen another story from the pen of Warner Fabian, whose series of novels on various phases of American Life caused a sensation upon their publication. Mary Astor and Lloyd Hughes play the featured roles.

Also a two reel comedy.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

An entire city, typical of the West, was built on location for Buck Jones' new Fox Films production, "CHAIN LIGHTNING."

Also a good comedy.

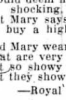
MONDAY and TUESDAY

For the second time in his American screen career, Lars Hanson, the noted Swedish actor, is playing the role of a minister in "CAPTAIN SALVATION," a Cosmopolitan production made by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Also a special comedy.

GEO. TUSTIN, Prop
Napanee's Leading Theatre
The Home of Good Photo Plays.

WOOD'S PHOSPHODINE.



The Great English Preparation. Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system. Made new blood in old Veins. Used for *Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Despondency, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the Heart, Failing Memory.* Price $2 per box, 3 for $5. Sold by all druggists, or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. *New pamphlet mailed free.* THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT.
23-1-y

Announcement!

Dr. Lewis' New Office now located above the Graham Co.

Good Glasses if you need them. Good Advice if you don't.

DR. LESLIE LEWIS
OPTOMETRIST
Above The Graham Co.

SEEDING TIME
IS APPROACHING

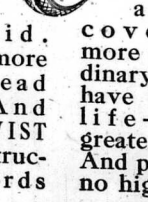
We have a full line of all kinds of FIELD SEEDS at remarkably Low Prices, considering quality.

Alfalfa Clover.....$16.00 to $24.00 per bus.
Alsike Clover.....$10.00 to $20.00 per bus.
Red Clover.....$12.00 to $22.00 per bus.
Sweet Clover.....$1.50 to $5.00 per bus.
Timothy.....$2.00 to $5.00 per bus.

Pure Seed Barley for malting; and Seed Oats.
Also feed Oats, Oil Cake, Flour, Sulphur, and Salts.
Frost Wire Fencing and Gates at reduced prices.
See me for Chrysler Cars, and save money.
All telephone accounts past due must be paid at once.

Fred A. Perry
Opposite Campbell House *NAPANEE*

Here's the
WORLD'S GREATEST TIRE



MORE mile-age. Better non-skid. Slower, more even tread wear. And SUPERTWIST Cord construction—cords which stretch and recover 61% more than ordinary cords—have greater life—give greater wear. And prices are no higher.

ALBERT SMITH
NAPANEE, ONT.

You can get your tire as soon as you want it here

Royal Yeast Cakes

STANDARD OF QUALITY FOR OVER 50 YEARS

MAKE BETTER HOME MADE BREAD

ROYAL YEAST CAKES

Local Jottings

Mrs. H. W .Kelly has purchased Mr. D. L. Greene's residence on Centre street.

Rev. Rowe M. Seymour, of the Cressy Circuit, has received a call to the Morven charge.

Deseronto-Picton ferry is now running, after being re-painted and remodelled this spring.

Mr. Wm. Howitt has purchased the residence of Mr. Wm. Bowen corner Dundas and Robert streets.

The S. S. Bain, a sea-going tramp steamer, unloaded a cargo of Scotch coal at Belleville last week.

Mr. R. S. Cameron, of Barrie, will be associated with Mr. J. M. Simpson in his law practice from June 1st. 25-sp

The town of Picton is about to spend $50,000 on its waterworks system in order to provide drinking water for its citizens.

Mr. J. D. Mayhew, Brockville, has purchased Mr. Melvin Taylor's jewellry business and took possession on Thursday last.

Residents in and around Camden East are putting up quite a howl about the condition of the roads near that place and are circulating a petition which will be presented to the Camden Council, asking for relief.

To sufferers of rheumatism, gout, sciatica and neuritis, and uric poisoning, I have a real remedy, certain in results and quick relief. A harmless and drugless mineral remedy. Call or write MRS. W. M. HENDERSON, Napanee, R. R. 1. 22-hp

The May meeting of the Napanee Women's Institute will be held on May 22nd, at 2.30 in the Agricultural room. An address will be given by Miss E. McGee, of Chesterville, her subject being, "Woman, her place and power." The public are cordially invited.

Give a little, live a little, try a little mirth ; sing a little, bring a little happiness to earth. Pray a little, play a little, be a little glad; rest a little, jest a little, if the heart is sad. Spend a little, send a little to another's door ; give a little, live a little, love a little more.—A. Nutt in Ottawa Citizen.

Alexander Beattie, aged 76, Inspector of the Brockville Children's Aid Society, died suddenly on Tuesday night. Mr. Beattie had been attending an entertainment and succumbed to a heart attack shortly after returning home. Mr. L. S. Beattie, principal of the Napanee Collegiate Institute, is a son of deceased. The funeral took place on Friday to Ingersoll.

—o—

You Can Get

Custom Hatching, Baby Chicks, Incubators (new or used) Brooders, Feeds, Appliances—Everything at

THE MILLS HATCHERY,
18-3m. Napanee.

—o—

Doctor's Don't Tell.

Pompous physician (to man plastering defective wall) :"The trowel covers up a lot of mistakes—what ?"

Workman: "Yus, gov'nor—and so do the spade."—Exchange.

-far ahead

The Safest car of them all to drive and Soundest of all to buy!

McLAUGHLIN-BUICK owners enjoy the highest degree of safety it is possible to build into a motor car—because today's McLaughlin-Buick embodies every recognized safety factor, developed to a unique degree of efficiency.

The double-drop frame—pioneered by McLaughlin-Buick—provides a lower center of gravity, as well as maximum headroom, road-clearance and all-round roadability.

McLaughlin-Buick mechanical, external-contracting four-wheel brakes—*the world's safest type* — act instantly, release instantly, are always ready for any emergency.

The famous McLaughlin-Buick Valve-in-Head six-cylinder engine surpasses all others in flashing pick-up and tremendous power reserve—assuring constant safety in touring, in traffic and on the hills.

McLaughlin-Buick is soundly built, thoroughly dependable, unrivaled in value—the safest car of them all to drive and the soundest of all to buy. M-12-5-28C

The G. M. A. C. Deferred Payment Plan offers many advantages to buyers of McLaughlin-Buick cars.

ROBT. McFARLAND,
Dealer, Napanee, Ont.

McLAUGHLIN -BUICK for 1928

When Better Automobiles Are Built—McLaughlin-Buick Will Build Them

WIRELESS SECRECY.

Italian Invents Machine to Secure Absolute Secrecy.

An important machine designed to guarantee security of wireless communications is said to have been invented by an Italian engineer, Enrico Compare of Leghorn.

The Italian Government has, for reasons of national defence, acquired the patent after some very successful tests made by the inventor in the presence of experts named by the Government.

The apparatus consists of a small kind of typewriter which is used by the transmitter to send messages to whatever place he desires with the certainty of absolute secrecy, says the Christian Science Monitor. For obvious reasons no technical details are given of this secret wireless invention, but its prompt acquisition by the Italian Government is sufficient proof of its importance.

China's Growth.

China's population is growing at an average rate of 1,315,000 a year. The present population on the basis of the 1920 missionary survey is 454,249,000.

"Then spake Jesus again unto them, saying, I am the light of the world ; he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." John 8-12 ; "And He that sent Me is with Me ; the Father hath not left Me alone ; for I do always those things that please him. As He spake those words, many believed on Him. Then said Jesus to those Jews which believed on Him If ye continue in My word, then are ye My disciples indeed. And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free," John 8 : 29-32 ; "Jesus answered them, "Verily, verily I say unto you, whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin.....If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed", John 34-36.

Oh for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.

A BIBLE LOVER.

CANADIAN WOMEN'S WORK

BY LUCINDA.

What will we hear next about the activities of the Women's Institutes? From England comes the news that the English Institutes have been putting on a series of plays in a "Little Theatre" in London. One of the productions included a few scenes from one of Shakespeare's comedies and the others were good plays, well produced. The London Daily Mail comments upon the wonderful growth of a society formed by a small group of women in a village in Ontario, Canada. In the rural districts of England people live in homes in which their families have lived for generations ; it would never occur to them to leave them to live in a town as soon as they had made money. It would seem that all the women in the village and county belong to the Institute. Here we find the lady of the manor and her gardener's wife, the wives of the smaller tenant farmers and of the farmers who own their land, the wife of the doctor, the rector and the carpenter. Indeed, not to belong to the Institute in an English village would either mean that you were a very frivolous person, with no thought for anything but your own pleasure, or that you were too lazy to help along a good work. Last summer when the English Women's Institute sent out a splendid exhibit to the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto, it was a lady of title who was in charge of it, and she and her son were the guests of the Governor General of Canada and Viscountess Willingdon at Government House, Ottawa, before they returned to England.

• • • •

People who have perennial borders will find that the long cold winter and the late frosts have played havoc with their roots. It can't be helped The best thing you can do now is to replace those plants that can be transplanted in the spring as soon as possible. Then you can fill in the edges with annuals.'

• • • •

The warblers we promised to describe this week are coming north now, a little late as everything else is this spring. The best known warbler in Ontario is the yellow warbler, often called the wild canary. Here also his mate, who has not the darker stripes on her breast that the male bird displays, will be found everywhere in Ontario and will stay all summer, building nests in the rose bushes or shrubs and giving a very little note that by comes familiar. The other day we saw a beautiful cerulean warbler, whose home is in the Mississippi valley, but who comes to southern Ontario, once and a while on a trip. His back is blue and his wings dark with white wing bars and other white markings, his breast white, trimmed with blue. Smaller than our bluebird and without any red, is the native pinkish cheeked warbler, with orange at his throat and breast is a frequent visitor. The bay breasted and chestnut sided warbler are here now and you will see them on the trees in the street, industriously searching for insects. If you hear a small twitter in the branches, look up and you will see some small birds at work on foliage keeping up a low song all the time. It is not for their beautiful singing that these birds, of which here are many varieties, get their name, but because they sing as they work in the most cheerful way.

• • • •

Everywhere we hear that the number of cars on our roads is increasing. While that means many pleasant rides, it also means an increased danger. Many women drive cars and it is said they have rather less accidents than the men. It is not of the women drivers we are thinking just now, when we say it is the duty of every woman to try to lessen the number of accidents. The mother in the home can keep before the children the danger of playing on the street and see that her boys and girls who have new roller skates do not skate in the middle of the road where the motorist can hardly help running them down. After all, much as we like to see the children enjoying themselves, we should consider their safety and the strain on the motorist who sees a child trying to steer itself, but unable to do so, and quite likely to get in front of his car which ever way he turns. Then too, people will persist in crossing the street just as they please, on the crossing or in the middle of the block, perhaps coming out from between cars parked at the side. If everyone was careful the accidents would be greatly curtailed.

• • • •

Did you ever think of doing your summer bungalow furniture up with gingham ? Well, you can, and make it very pretty. Green is always cool looking, but there are other pretty colors that look well. For the verandah meals you can use gay little table napkins of gingham and doilies to set under the plates if you are not using a tablecloth. The cushions and curains will wash easily and keep clean for a long time, but unless you have a good deal of time, don't use many frills They take time to make and longer to do up.

• • • •

Last week, while motoring through one of the towns where this column is read every week, we saw a fine display of patched quilts on a line. The lady of the house was housecleaning, but we thought that if a tourist from the Sates had been in our car that she would have wanted to go out in and buy those quilts. The colors were good and the patterns were the kind used by our grandmothers

• • • •

With the prevailing vogue for the things of long ago comes the old fashioned cakes. Here is a recipe for real gingerbread. 1½ cups of shortening, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup of molasses, ½ cup of sour cream, 2½ cups of flour, ½ teaspoonful of soda, 1 teaspoonful of salt, 2 eggs, 2 desert spoonsful of ginger, ½ cup of milk. Cream sugar and shortening, add beaten eggs, cream and molasses Sift dry ingredients together and add alternately with the milk. Bake in a well greased pan in a moderate oven and serve hot or cold.

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HEALTH SERVICE OF THE CANADIAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

DIPHTHERIA CAN BE PREVENTED.

Diphtheria is caused by the poison or toxin produced by the diphtheria germs lodged in the human body, usually in the throat andn ose.

When this toxin attacks the body, the latter seeks to protect itself, and it does so by producing diphtheria antitoxin or antipoison, which counteracts or neutralizes the toxin. If this occurs quickly enough and a sufficient quantity is produced, the body thrins and recovers results. Not only does recovery take place, but something happens inside this human body which enables it, in most cases, to prevent a second attack of the disease.

Can protection similar to that conferred by one attack of the actual disease be gained Without the danger of death and without fear of the suffering that comes with the disease ? The answer is "Yes."

Diphtheria can be prevented by the injection of diphtheria toxoid or toxin-antitoxin. This method is known as diphtheria immunization. The injections stimuate the body to produce the substances which are fighting forces against. diphtheria. These substances are not developed at once, it takes several weeks for this to occur; but after the development has taken place, the person is immunized or protected against diphtheria, just as he would have been had he had an attack of the disease.

The menace of diphtheria can be eliminated. Lives can be saved and suffering prevented. Ask your family physician to give your children this protection by immunizing them against diphtheria.

Questions concerning Health, addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 184 College Street, Toronto, will be answered by letter. Questions as to diagnosis and treatment will not be answered.

—o—

Discontent is that which comes to those with soft jobs allowing them time to be sorry for themselves.

Remember the old time spring, when the girls clutched at their skirts when the wind blew ?

—o—

This Week's Friday and Saturday Specials

At Wallace's

Drug Store

Delicious Peppermint Chocolates, 29c. lb.

An Autostrop Razor and a new strop free with $1.00 worth of blades.

Beef Iron & Wine, regular $1.00 for 79c.

Kotex, 55c. a package, or 1 free with 2 packages, in other words, 3 pkgs. for $1.09

A 50c. box of Day Dream face powder and a 50c. loose powder compact, both for 50c.

A 35c. bottle Rum, Honey and Tamarac Balsam, 27c.

50c. Milk of Magnesia Tooth Paste, 39c.

25c. Milk of Magnesia Tooth Paste, 19c.

No. 2 Brownie size Camera, with a film, loaded all ready for use, all for $1.49.

Large bar Vinolia Castile Soap, regular 25c. for 18c.

Everything fresh and good at Wallace's.

For prompt delivery phone Wallace's Drug Store.

THERE is *nothing* quite equal to Aspirin for all sorts of aches and pains, but be sure it is Aspirin. The name Bayer should appear on every tablet. Bayer is genuine, and the word genuine—in red—is on every box. You can't go wrong if you will just look at the box when you buy it;

Tablets Aspirin Genuine

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets will be stamped with their "Bayer Cross" trade mark.

PERSONALS

Mrs. J. Geale Daly spent the week-end in Toronto.

Mrs. A. T. Hanshaw and Miss Jean have returned from spending the winter in Toronto.

Miss Nora Herrington has returned from a trip to England and the Mediterranean.

Mrs. W. T. Mackenzie spent a few days last week with her mother in Toronto.

Mr. Arthur Harshaw, Toronto, was the guest of his mother a few days last week.

Rev. A. J. Wilson, Mr. J. H. Moffat and Mr. W. T. Mackenzie attended the funeral of the late Mr Beattie in Brockville on Friday.

Mrs Coombs, Capetown, South Africa, is the guest of Miss Helen Herrington.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Garrison and Mr. and Mrs. C. Platt, Plainfield, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Shephard and Miss Shephard.

Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Beattie and son, Munro, were in Brockville several days last week attending the funeral of his father, the late Mr. Alexander Beattie.

Miss Myrtle Stevens, Toronto, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Roy C. Root.

Miss Katherine Sharp has returned from spending the winter in St. Petersburg, Florida.

Mr. J. L. Murray has been appointed a teacher in Malvern Collegiate, Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Jewell spent Sunday with his mother at Adolphustown.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. VanLuven were Sunday visitors at H. L. VanLuven's, John street.

Mrs. H. S. Pringle left on Friday for her home in Victoria, B. C., via Chicago.

Dr. C. C. Nash and son, Charles of Kingston, were visitors at Dr. McLaughlin's on Mother's Day.

Mrs. Perry Detlor, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Detlor and Mrs. C. Knapp attended the graduation exercises in Kingston General Hospital on Tuesday evening.

Mr. Percy Metzler, Trenton, spent the week-end with friends in Odessa.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stevens, Toronto, were in Napanee on Monday for the interment of her father, the late Henry Otton.

Misses Catherine Gallagher and Pearl Sexsmith are among the members of the 1928 graduating class of Kingston General Hospital.

Mr. Pearce, Toronto, who recently purchased Mr. Wigwam on Forester's Island, has since purchased the balance of the island.

Mr. and Mrs. O. R. Laidley, Bellleville, were in Napanee on couple of days last week and leave on Thursday to visit their daughter in British Columbia.

Messrs. Arthur Kennerly, J. B. Allison, Cyril Waite, A. L. Dafoe, W. A. Grange and Chas. Walters attended the Rotary District Convention at Binghampton, N.Y., last week.

Mrs. H. R. Hust, Miss Ruth Mallory, Adolphustown ; Mrs. Swayne Bath ; Mrs. Graham, Enterprise ; Mrs. A. R. Young and Mrs. H. Robinson, Sandhurst ; Mrs. Radcliffe and Mrs. Dalton, Deseronto ; Mrs. Leach, Amherst Island ; Mrs. Wm. Ramsay, Newburgh ; Mrs. Shore Loynes, Napanee ; Mrs. A. Withers and Miss W. Brandon, Morven ; Miss M. Stinson, Tamworth, were delegates to the Women's Auxiliary meeting in Kingston last week.

BIRTHS

Edmonds—At Western Hospital, Toronto, on Tuesday, May 8th, 1928, to Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Edmonds, a son.

Kimmett—At Roblin, on Friday, May 11th, 1928, to Mr. and Mrs. John Kimmett (nee Marion MacLaughlin) a daughter.

Kimmerly—At Napanee, on Friday, May 12th, 1928, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur S. Kimmerly, a son.

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MARRIAGES

Harries—Wilson—At the home of the bride's parents, 471 Clarens Ave., Toronto, on Saturday, May 12th, 1928, Rev. G. C. Balfour, of Carman United Church, William Tudor Harries, to Verna Isobel, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John T. Wilson.

—o—

Ask Mother, She Knows.

Mother : "Helen, I want to know what you and George were doing on the sofa until three o'clock this morning ?"

Daughter : "Oh, mamma, didn't your mother ever tell you ?"—Exchange.

COUNTY OF LENNOX AND ADDINGTON

Notice of Registration of By-Law No. 509

Notice is hereby given that a by-law was passed by the Municipal Council of the Corporation of the County of Lennox and Addington, on the 23rd day of March, 1928, providing for the negotiation of an advance by the Dominion Bank to the amount of $130,-000.00 for the purpose of meeting the expenditures for the construction and the maintenance of highways forming part of the County Road System of the County during the year 1928, under Highway Improvement Act, Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1927, Chapter 54, and that such by-law was registered in the Registry Office of the County of Lennox and Addington on the 30th day of March, 1928, as No. 93. Any motion to quash, or set aside, the same, or any part thereof, must be made within three months after the first publication of this notice and cannot be made thereafter.

Dated the 31st day of March, 1928.

W. G. WILSON,
19-d County Clerk.

JUST ARRIVED

Direct from factory. New Corrective Lines in "Empress Shoes" with the built in ARCH

NOTE: There is only one "Arch Corrective" Shoe. No Shoe is an "ARCH Corrective" Shoe unless stamped with Corrective Insole

Black Kid Strap—A B C D and E widths, size 3 to 9.

Stroller Tan Calf—A B C and D widths, size 3 to 9.

Patent Strap — A and C widths.

Alligator Strap — A and C widths,

These four different leathers in the same Shoe.

Priced $7.50.

Bargains

200 Pairs Women's Shoes at - - - $2.95

75 Pairs Women's Shoes at - - - $1.95

These include Blondes, Patents and Kid.

Men's Work Boots in Panco or Leather Soles ..... Priced at $2.95

The Haines Shoe House, NAPANEE

MORTGAGE SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power contained in a certain mortgage, which will be produced at the time of sale, there will be offered for sale by Public Auction, subject to a reserve bid, on

WEDNESDAY, MAY 16th, 1928,

at the hour of 2 o'clock in the afternoon, AT THE OFFICE OF T. B. GERMAN, 60 John Street, NAPANEE, ONTARIO, the following property, namely :

ALL and singular that certain parcel or tract of land and premises situate, lying and being in the Township of Fredericksburgh, Additional, in the County of Lennox and Addington, Province of Ontario, containing Forty-Seven acres more or less and being the West half of the West half of Lot Number Eight in the Fourth Concession of the said Township of Fredericksburgh, Additional, and being that portion of the said West half of said Lot Number Eight not devised to Leonard R. Dafoe by the last Will and Testament of his mother, Henrietta Dafoe.

The above is a desirable piece of property situate in a good locality, and should be an attractive opportunity for those wishing to purchase a small farm.

The property will be offered, subject to conditions of sale, which will be produced at the time of sale.

TERMS OF SALE :20 per cent. of the purchase money to be paid down at the time of sale and the balance to be paid within 10 days thereafter.

For further particulars and conditions of sale apply to T. B. German, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, Napanee, Onario.

T. B. GERMAN,
Solicitor for Mortgagee.
22-d

If you want results use the Classified Adv. Column in The Napanee Express.

The Reward of Years of Toil

IF YOU contemplate an auction sale, the closing out of your years of effort in building up a complete farm equipment, the Standard Bank is splendidly equipped to cater to your financial needs. Our local manager and his staff will gladly make all arrangements for the collection and discounting of all sale notes and for liberal extension of credit where necessary. A successful sale is entirely dependent upon sound financial arrangements.

THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA
ESTABLISHED 1873

H. R. McHOULL
Manager, Napanee Branch
Branches at Belleville,
Camden East, Deseronto, Newburgh, Tamworth

Every Town Wants Industries

Every industry, be it large or small, adds to the progress and prosperity of any community. Every such industry brings new capital to a town, and distributes this among the business men generally in the way of wages and salaries. Everybody benefits.

Among local industries there is none of greater importance in any community than that of the local home newspaper. Not only does it provide employment for a certain number of workmen, but it offers a service to the community which could be obtained in no other way.

In their own best interests, therefore, business men should use their local paper for purposes of advertising, and also for the procuring of their requirements in PRINTING. All business men need printed matter of various kinds from time to time. Remember your local printing office when in need of printed matter.

The Napanee Express Printing House

Issued by the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association
313 Manning Chambers, Toronto.

The Knight of The Silver Star

(Continued from page 3.)

"QUICK; THEY ARE AT THE DOOR."

who is risking his life for Brussen land what private rivalry there has been between us is past, is nothing is forgotten. With your highness I cry, "To arms!" The princess gave him her hand, and the color came back into her cheek. So the count made his peace. All night the town rang with preparation. Men, are and women, too, shouted jubilantly: "To arms! On toward Yadasara!" The day dawned leaden gray, with a swish of fine rain, yet a gleam of sunlight shone as the princess came from the palace. She rode a warrior in complete steel, and a shout rang loud and high at her coming. I warrant the sight of her turned many a traitor into a loyal subject."

"Heaven grant it so! But there is the foulest treachery afoot, Sir Knight. That captive who is in captivity but a messenger proclaiming to the count that the time was ripe."

"We feared treachery, Sir Verrall, but we were powerless except to follow the princess. Of those who swore to protect her I alone am here. It was Jasar who suggested that I should wait for you."

"Who is with you that you can trust?"

"A dozen men. Here are food and wine; you need them," said the knight. "Tell me how deep is the treachery."

"So deep that death grips hands with loyalty in Yadasara there are many for the count. In Yadasara Lady Aldrida attempted my life. Ten days ago at least I escaped from the city. You may judge what truth there was in the messenger the count brought to the princess.

"Let me change these rags for armor and we will go," I cried, draining the wine. It put new strength in me.

"Every man who wields a loyal sword is necessary to the princess now," I said. "Have your men by the gates in half an hour."

So at midnight we rode from the gates. Strange that after running away from Yadasara I should so eagerly ride toward it again.

It was toward sundown that we found the camp, pitched in a place surrounded by thick woods, and it was fortunate that our coming happened upon a point where friends were or we might have been intentionally mistaken for the enemy.

I thought it well that my presence in the camp should not be generally known until I had seen the princess. So, entering a tent, I sent to ask Jasar and Walen to come to me. They would know better than I could who was to be trusted and who not. I told Walen Vasca was a villain, but he did not believe me.

Turning to Jasar, I asked when I could see the princess alone.

"When you will. She will not leave her tent again tonight."

"Then I will come now."

Walen left us, and his manner troubled me. To him more than to any other knight I looked for support, and if he had not actually failed me he had clearly shown that he was not ready to follow me blindfold.

We went silently through the camp. We passed Vasca's tent and heard the sound of feasting within. It struck me that there was a lack of discipline throughout, and my anxiety for the future would have been greater had not the thought that I was to see Daria again thrown all other thoughts into the corners of my brain.

The tent was well guarded. The priest went in and in a few moments returned. I entered alone.

Daria had risen to greet me. As the curtain of the tent fell behind me she seemed undecided whether to come to the arms ready to be held out to her—whether to be all the woman or still something of the princess.

"Daria."

I doubt not there was supplication in my tone, in my attitude, as I opened my arms to her. She crept into them with a little sigh which was sufficient answer to all my desires, and in a long silence, while her lips met mine, I felt rewarded for all I had come through.

"You are safe and with me again," she said presently.

"With you to defend you," I answered. "But happiness must not make me forgetful. My darling, peril is at our door."

"I fear nothing—now," she answered

And I kissed her for the pause she made before the last word.

"Do you remember why you are here?" I asked

"I had almost forgotten."

"You are on your way to Yadasara to rescue me."

"And now you have come. Yet it does not appear wonderful. It seems natural that you should come to me. In my deepest anxiety I have felt that your life and mine were one. Ah, Clinton, in your country women may not speak their hearts so. Forgive me if my confession sounds strange to you, but love has come to me once and for all time; there seems no sin in telling it."

With her hand in mine I told her all, not exaggerating, yet not making too light of my perils, for love glowed brighter in her eyes for each fine story. She loved me more for what I had endured and grasped my hand tightly as I recounted Lady Aldrida's attempt upon my life, the fight on the stairs, the fall from the city walls and the struggle with the dead man in the river. I finished and waited for her to speak.

"You would have me believe my kinsman, Count Vasca, the greatest of villains?" she said.

"I have told you what is said of him in Yadasara, common talk and every dagon of which I believe it was he who sent Lady Aldrida to the king."

"He cannot be so great a traitor."

"Think you he would have devised this expedition to save me? Have I a greater enemy in Drussenland than Count Vasca? He loves you. As the woman he loves, you are far more than as the princess he pays homage to. Once he has betrayed you, you are a princess no longer. He believes he could make terms with the women as."

"It is unlike you, Clinton, to make a man out so vile as this."

"Let me learn that I have wronged him and on my knees I will ask his pardon," I returned. "Why, Daria, look at the place where you are encamped tonight! Would any leader choose such a position?"

"Indeed, he gave me many reasons for doing so."

"Speaking lies, Daria."

"Hush, Clinton, he is my kinsman."

"He is your worst enemy—a treacherous friend. Why should he so urge your coming? Is the thick of battle a safe place for you?"

"I command, Clinton. That should put double courage into the men."

"Into loyal men. Your camp is full of men who are not loyal."

"I will not believe that."

"You must believe it, Daria. Would that our safety allowed me to fling a challenge to the count to prove his honesty. I cannot: the treachery is too widespread, and, with insidious words, he has lulled your suspicions even as he has those of some of your most loyal knights. That messenger who came to you came with a lie upon his lips. Sir Walen almost quarreled with me when I accused the count, and you, my dear one, doubt me."

"No, Clinton, do not say that; but, surely, you may misjudge the count. Since you are here the reason for this expedition is gone, but your presence is reason enough why I cannot return. There is no happiness behind us. Only by conquest can I hope to make the Drussenlanders respect you. Courage, my knight. The blood leaps too warmly through my veins for me to fear. We shall not fail. In Yadasara did you find the key of Drussenland?"

"No."

"We may have to seek it together."

"Would that we could start the quest tonight."

"We have not failed yet," she answered. "I will send for Sir Walen at once."

She gave her orders sharply. It was wonderful how easily she became the princess.

"If there is danger we will at least be ready for it," she said.

Sir Walen came, and Jasar was also admitted to the conference at my suggestion.

"You know what Sir Verrall fears," she said to Walen when he had named the companies he could trust. "We think his anxiety for our safety outruns his judgment, but if it is so it is a fault well founded in loyalty. We must be prepared. Sir Walen, you will at once see that these companies are drawn together. They will form one wing of our advancing army, which you and Sir Verrall will command. It will be for you to protect our person. See to our command at once."

Sir Walen bowed and left the tent.

"Jasar, send a messenger to the count and bid him come to us. Stay. Can he know that Sir Verrall has returned?"

"No, your highness."

"Then send to him. Say nothing of Sir Verrall."

"What are you going to do?" I asked when Jasar had left us.

"I am taking your advice and preparing for danger. Are you not satisfied?"

"It would be well to treat the count carefully."

"I wish to give him my instructions, that is all. You shall hear them. Go in here."

She lifted the canvas that covered a small apartment of the tent, and I went in.

"You are not to show yourself. Remember, I command," and then she laughed. "But I love too."

Vasca came not too quickly upon his bidding, and, drawing the canvas a little aside, I could see him.

"Sir Vasca, we like not the place of this camp."

"It is well hidden from the enemy."

"And too inclosed for action should the enemy find it," she returned promptly.

"I have already given my reasons for choosing it."

"And after thinking over them we find them bad ones. We have a cunning enemy to deal with. When we march we will change the disposal of our forces somewhat, else we may fall into a trap in these woods which surround us. You will place certain companies in the center of a main body and throw out two wings to protect us on either hand. You will hold command of the main body and place the knight you deem most skilled in command of the right wing. We have already instructed Sir Walen to gather certain companies to form the left wing."

"I would that your highness had first consulted with me."

"We have our own wishes to consult, count. Our presence here means that we are in command."

"Who commands the left wing?" he asked.

"Sir Walen and Sir Verrall."

"Sir Verrall!"

"Did you not know he had returned tonight? His knowledge will be of great moment to us."

"I was not told of his coming. His escape makes this expedition useless, your highness."

"Before us lies the capital, count. There is no turning back."

"I rejoice to hear you say that," he answered.

The scoundrel! I could well believe him.

"You understand how the troops will move?"

He bowed.

"Then strike the camp. It is to be done silently. We march tonight."

CHAPTER XIX.

WITHIN two hours the camp was struck. The count and I met as the forces were about to move.

"I have only just heard of your return, Sir Verrall. I congratulate you."

I thanked him.

"Is it by your advice that we move the camp tonight?" he asked.

"No. I had no idea such a movement was contemplated. You would have had a freer hand, count, had you not placed her highness upon this expedition."

"I made a mistake," he answered.

"A grave one, count. You must have a care that it does not lead you to destruction."

"You speak in riddles, Sir Verrall."

"Not such deep ones but that you can read them," I answered. "Indeed, it is a warning that I give rather than a riddle I ask. Your friends may be many, Count Vasca, but you have many enemies too."

ATTENTION, WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE!

Mrs. Goodkey Tells Her Experience with Pinkham's Compound

Byemoor, Alberta.—"The Change of Life was the trouble with me and I was run-down, thin and weak and could not sleep, had a poor appetite and could not do much work. I am taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound now and I feel like a well woman. I saw it advertised in the papers and tried it and Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash. I have recommended it to a lot of women friends." Mrs. Wm. GOODKEY, Byemoor, Alberta.

"One stands before me," he said quickly.

"It is well to know how we stand toward each other, Count Vasca. I always watch my enemies."

"And I always crush mine, Sir Verrall, sooner or later. You may yet regret that you have avowed yourself my enemy."

"I come but recently from Yadasara, count. I heard enough to make me glad that I am not your friend."

"You choose a coward's time to speak your insults—a time when it is impossible for me to punish you."

"The time will come, count."

"It shall come!" he hissed.

He turned from me and disappeared in the darkness.

I was as far as ever from discovering how matured the count's plans were. I judged that the hurried moving of the camp did not suit his schemes altogether, but that it would

"IT SHALL COME."

have the effect of frustrating them I doubted. He would not have ventured upon such treachery had he not every prospect of success, and my hopes grew weaker as the main body and the right wing moved forward. If they were all traitors what hope was there? Sir Walen thoroughly trusted the left wing, and I was more inclined to think that he did so justly when I saw the pleasure of the men at the fact that the princess was to ride among them. They welcomed me too.

It was a different night march. Under ordinary circumstances it would have been a foolish one. The woods were thick and the paths through them narrow. The men were forced in places to struggle and push forward in twos and threes. We instructed the men that in case of attack they were to fall back and surround the princess. Her presence was to be their especial care. This arranged, Sir Walen took command, keeping as close to the main body as possible, while Jasar and I rode on either side of the princess. Jasar was mounted on a strong animal, and I saw a sword hilt peep from under his cloak.

The stumbling of Jasar's horse startled me.

"Heard you anything besides the tramping of our men, Sir Verrall?" he asked.

"No. Where?"

"To our right. Listen!"

I pulled up my horse. So did Daria hers.

I could hear the steady tramp of our own men around us, but there was another sound away to our right, a faint echoing tramp.

"An echo, I think."

And then, as if in contradiction, there came a clear sound, the jingle of harness, faint, but clear, as when in a company of horsemen several of the animals throw their heads up at the same time and shake their bridles.

"That cannot be an echo."

We rode on again and, overtaking a knight, I told him to hurry forward and tell Sir Walen that I believed the enemy were marching with us through the woods. Presently the knight I had sent forward returned. Sir Walen had instructed the men to go slowly and to keep well together, and he wanted me to make sure that I had plenty of men behind me to repulse any attack which might be made in the rear. Leaving the princess in Jasar's charge, I rode back and got the rear portion of the left wing close up. With an effort I spoke gayly to the men, and I was convinced now that they were to be trusted. Then I rejoined Daria and Jasar.

"It would be well to send forward to the count and call a halt," I said. "We are approaching open country, and we cannot tell what awaits us there."

"Act as you think best," Daria answered.

I sent forward to Vasca. The troops halted immediately, and a few minutes afterward Vasca himself joined us.

"A perilous journey, your highness, but well accomplished," he said. "After a short halt shall we move forward and camp in the open? Our vanguard is now at the edge of the woods."

"The open country may bring us in sight of the enemy, Sir Vasca," she said.

"Your highness will remember that it was not my wish to advance tonight. I, too, think it probable that the enemy are before us."

"They have been marching with us all night, count," I said. "Their movements were so well timed with ours that they must have been watching the camp."

"That is unlikely. Still, if it is so, we are prepared to meet them, I trust."

"Quite prepared." I answered. "True men have no fear even if numbers are against them."

I left him with Daria, Jasar keeping watch upon him, and joined Walen.

"Is the trap set for us, think you?" I asked.

"I do not know. We may have got out of it in time."

"At last you believe in the trap, then?"

"I cannot understand such villainy," he answered. "Yet"—

"Yet you believe it exists?"

"Why, yes, Verrall. Unwillingly I am bound to admit that I believe it."

"Pick me a dozen men," I said. "I am going to ride forward and see what is in store for us."

With my little company I went through the woods, keeping well away from the main body, but being careful not to go far enough to fall in with the enemy, who had kept pace with us through the night. In the gray dawn the enemy were taking up their position, ready to attack us as soon as we were in the open.

We went slowly and silently back. Life has an added charm when death stands near. The day had dawned, and, like myself, I doubt not that many of my companions wondered if they would see the close of it. Was there any way of insuring safety even for some of us? There was one way which held a prospect of success. I had thought of it before, but had put it aside as unpracticable and dangerous, yet now it seemed worthy of consideration. Why not make Count Vasca a prisoner? It could be done quickly and quietly if he were still with the princess. Should he go out there were many ways of silencing him. It seemed to me that it would be a small crime to silence so great a scoundrel forever. It was dangerous and would bring matters to a head suddenly.

Daria might not agree to this seeming piece of treachery, so I determined to make him a prisoner first and explain to her afterward.

I put spurs into my horse, but I was too late. Vasca had left.

A messenger was dispatched at once. Safety seemed to lie in Vasca's capture, and here was my opportunity. I drew Walen aside for a moment.

"He must not return," I said.

"Is that the princess' order?"

"No. Make him a prisoner first, ask her permission afterward. It is no time to be courteous."

"It may be a false move," he said doubtfully.

"Possibly, but it may be salvation," I answered. "Players for high stakes, Sir Walen, have to risk much."

But again my plan failed. The count excused himself from coming. The enemy was moving in the open, he said, and he could not leave his command.

"Are our troops moving?" asked Daria.

"They were about to do so, your highness," the messenger answered.

"Go to the count and command him not to move until he has our instructions. A guard for us, gentlemen. Sir Walen, move the left wing slowly forward, but not out of the wood. Keep in touch with the main body."

She mounted her horse lightly, Jasar holding her stirrup. "Sir Verrall, gentlemen, follow me. We will fight this battle our way, not in Count Vasca's."

She would have inspired all, man with courage. She put a better spirit into them.

"Have a care, dear one," I whisper ed as I rode beside her.

"Have a ready sword to defend me if necessary," she answered.

"Your highness will remain close to the princess. Jasar, see that you keep her safe."

"We sent for you, count," she said severely.

"Pardon, your highness, but I could not come sooner."

"We sent for you." she repeated. "Have you yet to learn the virtue of obedience?"

"Your highness, I"—

"Disobedience is the mark of a rebel, Count Vasca. Look to it or we shall be in danger of misjudging you. Do you only now discover that the enemy are before us? You have a poor knowledge of this campaign, it seems. The main body will advance at once into the open. The woods sweep round to right and left in a semicircle. The enemy are hidden there awaiting us. Your mission is to draw them from their hiding place." Then, turning to a knight with us, she went on: "Go to the right and command them to advance through the woods and attack the enemy in the rear on that side. There are half hearted warriors among us. We shall know how to deal with rebels in Drussenland and for your princess, forward!"

I half expected the count to refuse, but he did not do so. Either he was uncertain of himself or the plan for success were so complete that the manner of attack was of little importance.

He gave a quick word of command, and as the troops moved we rode back with the left wing set out to attack the enemy on that side.

There was a distant shout, and a flight of arrows fell among them.

"If a stray shaft should find a weak spot in Vasca's harness, all might be well yet," I said to Walen.

"He is not likely to run much risk," he answered.

"You are convinced now, then?"

"Yes, Verrall. It will go hard with us, I think, but at least we'll make history today. We shall have the enemy and the traitors before us, and we'll fight as we fought at the bridge. Traitors are mostly cowards, and they shall pay a dear reckoning."

Horsemen came from the woods on either side, and the battle in the open became general.

The princess halted.

"Those men fight like fiends," she said. "The treachery is not so deeply rooted as you supposed, Sir Verrall."

"A few men's lives are nothing to those who conceived the treachery," said Jasar.

"The greater the confusion yonder the more safety for us." I said to Walen.

"Our turn will come. We have only to wait," he answered.

With him I arranged what knights were to keep with the princess.

"She will want you with her," he said.

"When the time comes I ride side by side with you," I answered.

"I am glad," he returned.

We had not long to wait. From the woods opposite a large body of horsemen came slowly. I expected to see them charge into the thick of the fight, but instead they suddenly made a wide sweep and came toward us. Our archers sent one flight of arrows among them, and then we charged.

Powerful as the enemy before us were, they could not withstand our charge. We cut into them, sweeping them back in confusion. The same spirit was in us all. No quarter was asked for nor given, and many a rider, friend and foe, lay with limbs outstretched, his day's work and his life's work over. We turned and swept back again to the foot of the rising ground on which Daria stood with the company especially reserved to defend her. They greeted us with a cheer, and we shouted answer. It sounded like a cry of victory.

"They were driven back upon the main body, Sir Verrall. The face of the battle is changing."

Walen pointed with his sword. The fight which had begun fiercely was lessening. Our true enemies and our traitor friends were beginning to understand one another.

"We have shown them the men they have to reckon with," I answered.

Some show of fighting was still maintained in front of us, and our archers sent quick flights of arrows into the mass. They were all enemies there, though they would not have us think

(Continued on page 7)

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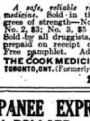

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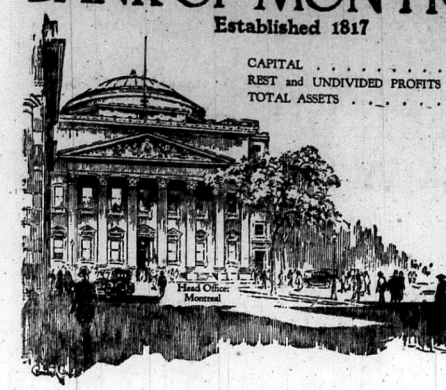

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The Knight of the Silver Star

A Romance of Druscomland

By PERCY DREBNER

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(Continued from page 6.)

so yet. Then a mass of horsemen came toward us at a hand gallop.

"Does Vasca lead them?" I asked.

"I cannot see him." Walen answered. "You must live until later in the day to pay your debt to him."

"I shall live to do it." I answered as we charged again.

I felt that I spoke the truth.

It was a fiercer struggle than the first. Twice I was nearly thrown from my saddle, once, for a few moments, losing all consciousness of my surroundings and striking madly about me as a man might do in a nightmare. It was fortunate for me that my horse kept his legs. It was Walen's voice that brought me back to consciousness.

"Not too far, Verrail. They are surrounding us."

Mechanically almost I swung my horse round, and we began to fight our way back. Walen's warning opened my eyes to the danger, and the press of the enemy, who had closed in behind us as we had fought our way through the mass in front, told me that they had outmanoeuvered us. Even now we were too late. There was a triumphant shout as another body of horsemen went by our struggling mass and rode straight for the rising ground.

What could that little company do against such an overpowering enemy?

"For the princess!" I shouted, rising in my stirrups and swinging my sword with the renewed strength despair gave me. "Back to the princess, every one of us! We'll leave our bodies there, not here."

"For the princess!" some one shouted, and we dashed forward.

It was no small body of horsemen that turned to prevent us cutting our way to our comrades, but at least five to one.

"For the princess!" we cried.

"For the king!" they shouted answer.

And from many it was a lying shout. This was only the beginning of their treason. They were bent on being as false to the king presently as they had already been to the princess.

Side by side Walen and I went, inch by inch fighting our way toward the rising ground, encouraging each other, helping each other. How our companions fared I know not. Walen and I seemed to be alone in the midst of enemies. Still we went on step by step. There seemed no power strong enough to stop us. Success seemed certain when suddenly I was alone. A rush of horsemen parted us, and I saw my comrade carried away from me, hard beset. Still the fight was not lost. I shouted to him and he heard me. I saw the horsemen nearest to him go down as he turned, fighting his way back to me, and I pressed my horse forward to meet him. And we succeeded. We did meet, but at what a cost! Even as I shouted in triumph a sword flashed above him and fell, splitting through his armor near the neck.

"The princess!" he cried once, loud and full of hope, and then he pitched forward from his saddle and lay almost under my horse's hoofs.

I cut down the man who struck the blow, and, my horse stumbling, I came to the ground, falling across the bodies of my friend and my foe.

I was unhurt and sprang to my feet. A clear space was round me. With his sword in his hand Count Vasca looked at me. He did not ride at me at once, but he smiled.

"The time has come, Sir Verrail," he said.

It was his smile, not his words, which maddened me.

"Ah, good foeman, I cried, "grant me but a little space to prove this man a coward and a liar, and on my oath I will throw down my sword and you can work your will upon me."

CHAPTER XX.

THEY might have given me leave, for Vasca had not too many friends, but the count gave them no time to answer. In a moment he was upon me, and his first blow split my harness at the shoulder. I knew that the wound was deep, for afterward it troubled me sorely; but, then, I hardly felt it. My whole ambition was to kill Vasca. That done it mattered not what happened. Even Daria was forgotten for the time. It was an unequal struggle. He was mounted and fresh, I on foot and weary. As he tried to ride me down I caught the horse's bridle and attempted to throw him back upon his haunches. The count was too good a horseman to let me succeed in this, however. He knew his advantage and was not going to throw it away by having to meet me on foot.

"The time is nearing its end," he laughed. "I told you that I always crushed my enemies."

He dealt me a blow which staggered me as he spoke. The time was nearing its end. What could I do?

He followed me up as I staggered back, prepared to strike again.

I made a feint, then dodged his blow and sprang up at him, my foot upon his foot in the stirrup. My arms were round him. His horse plunged, and in an instant the count and I were on the ground. Now we were both swordless and helmetless. My fingers gripped his throat.

"The time has come!" I hissed as still gripping his throat with one hand, I struck his head twice, thrice, with all my strength with the other.

I should have killed him. My fingers would never have relaxed until they had gripped life out of him, but it was not to be. Men rushed in to separate us. I was dragged from my victim—not a few moments later was lying on my back, my arms bound to my side.

The count was not dead, but he was unconscious. They took him up, and a space was cleared for them to carry him to some spot where he could be attended to. And it was through this space that I saw the last incident of that terrible day—the end of the fight. The rising ground was before me, and its gallant company of defenders lay still upon the sides of it. As I looked the enemies' bands were laid upon the princess, and only one friend was beside her—Jasar. Foes surrounded her and dragged her from her horse. Seeing that all was lost, the priest might have considered that his life was still valuable to his mistress, that he might help her in her captivity. But the bands were laid roughly upon her, and that hurt him. His sword came down upon the nearest of her enemies, and for a minute he was dealing out death around him. They would not have killed a priest, possibly, but Jasar, save in raiment, was a priest no longer. As a warrior there was no quarter for him, and I saw him fall dead at the feet of the woman he had loved and served so well.

It was the last thing I saw—the last episode of that day—for a blackness came between my eyes and the blue sky, and for me the day ended.

When I recovered consciousness we were within sight of Yadasara. I was lying upon a rough litter, which four men carried carefully, and the swinging motion was not unpleasant. My arms were no longer bound, and the wound in my shoulder, which throbbed considerably, had been carefully bandaged up.

I raised my head to look about me.

"You're better, then?" said a man, coming to the side of the litter.

"Yes. It's hot, and I'm thirsty. May a prisoner drink?"

"Why, yes. We've been doing our best to keep you alive since yesterday."

"Since yesterday! A day and a night passed?"

He nodded.

"You know me?"

"You were in my company when you were in the king's guard."

"I remember. It is almost like being among friends."

"You'll hardly find it so yonder," and he waved his hand toward the city.

"I suppose not. Tell me, where is the princess?"

"In front."

"Well—safe?"

"She is well cared for; have no fear of that. You are both too precious to die for the want of a little attention."

"Could I speak to her?"

"No," he answered sharply.

"Not for the sake of old comradeship?"

"No; I cannot do it. I have no ill will toward you. I admire a worthy foeman, and if I can do anything for you yourself I will, but I cannot do what you ask with regard to the princess."

"And Count Vasca?" I asked after a pause.

"Much as you are, getting better."

"That is bad news. I had hoped that the debt was paid."

"You did your best," he returned.

"Though we be jailer and prisoner, we have something in common, at any rate," I laughed.

"What is that?"

"We both regret that I did not succeed."

We crossed the river by the bridge of boats, and it was evident that many of the citizens had come out to meet us, for there was much shouting.

My former comrade came to my side again.

"A conqueror could not command more interest than you," he said.

"That is poor consolation."

"I think I would be a great traitor rather than nothing," he answered.

"I am not even a great traitor," I said.

"I would not say so if I were you. It is easier to confess and have done with it. Better to die quickly than slowly in the fortress yonder. If I dared do it I would plunge my dagger into you now, and I should be doing you a kindness."

"You think so, friend, but I had rather live. I have been in worse straits than this. I may live to be in worse again."

"You will, and then you may find death too long in coming."

"Death and I seem to be old friends; we have walked so long together," I answered.

"You are a brave man, but a fool!" he said.

With help I walked across the palace yard between ranks of warriors and then was face to face with the king.

"So you come again to Yadasara," he said, a smile upon his lips.

I did not answer. My eyes were fixed on Daria, who stood a few yards from me, guarded by soldiers.

"And you bring a welcome companion this time. We thank you. You made many enemies by your escape, but it has served us better than if you had failed. There's little strength in you now. We must see that that is restored a little before we punish you for your treachery. It would be a poor recompense to see such a man die like a woman."

"Your highness shall not see that," I said.

"We have heard many a strong man boast as much," he answered. "We have good arguments against the boast. To the fortress with him, but treat him gently. He shall have a chance of proving his boast. You, madame, too, are weak, for all you stand so bravely. You shall have rest and gentle treatment for awhile. Then we shall find means to pay you for the lives of our subjects which your rebellion has caused. To the fortress with them both."

I was placed in the litter again and carried up to the fortress. They were very gentle with me, and, knowing what was in store for me, some of them may have pitied me.

The guard of the fortress received us, and with a considerable amount of formality I was handed over to my new jailers. I hardly noticed them, for my eyes were fixed upon a figure sitting in a porch within the gateway. The man sat limply, looked as though he were in pain, and I saw that his arm was in a rough sling. Hope was not dead. I had a friend in the fortress.

"O'Ryan!" I cried, a tone of joy in my voice doubtless.

He looked at me, but did not move. There was an exasperating chuckle at my ear, and I turned to face the Spaniard, Costa.

He was fatter and greasier than ever, and he was tricked out in bright armor.

"You'll find that friendship dead," he said.

I glanced at O'Ryan. He had risen from his seat and looked so different from what I had known him that I concluded that the wound I had given him in that desperate fight upon the stairs must have been deeper than I had thought.

"I will come and make you comfortable presently when I have attended to your princess," Costa said. "Truly this fortress is honored now."

He laughed as the heavy door closed upon me. Presently he returned, followed by two men carrying rugs, with which they proceeded to make me a not uncomfortable bed in one corner. Costa sat down on a stool and remained silent until he dismissed them.

"You have a good couch," he said directly we were alone. "You will have good food and drink. You are well lodged."

"As an animal fattening for a fair," I answered.

He laughed.

"That is a good description."

"My position amuses you?"

"Not yours so much as the woman's."

"Do you mean the princess?"

"Call her so if you will," he answered. "Carrying herself like a queen—in armor, too; nothing of the miserable prisoner about her. Ah, it amuses me greatly."

"Is she lodged in the fortress?" I asked as unconcernedly as possible.

"Yes, my friend. As chief of the fortress I have the honor to entertain you both. She is now clothed as a woman, and as a woman— Ah, she is better, much better. She has beauty enough to make fools of some men."

"Take care you are not one of them," I said.

"You are too good a warning," he answered. "See what the love of a woman has brought you to."

"Love!" I laughed. "Is that laid to my charge too?"

"Do you say you are not in love with this woman who calls herself a princess? Count Vasca spoke differently."

"Am I to be judged by what Count Vasca says of me?"

"There are other matters, many other matters, that I need not tell you of."

"And the punishment?"

"In good time. It will come."

"When I am strong enough to bear it?"

He nodded.

"The machinery and torture, then death and an exit from Yadasara that way." I pointed to the corner of the cell where the locked flagstone was.

"Yes," he said, rising, "but it may be easier than you think—it depends."

"Upon what?"

"The executioners."

"And the princess?" I asked after a pause.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"It is always difficult to prophesy the fate of a beautiful woman," he answered. "But for you, my friend, let me advise—make friends with the executioners."

CHAPTER XXI

EXCEPT that for many hours a day I sat in a gloomy twilight, I was well treated. I was well fed and was allowed to walk for a certain time each day upon the ramparts, well guarded, of course.

I had hoped to catch a glimpse of Daria during my daily constitutional but the hope was not fulfilled. I think it is possible that Costa might have so arranged matters as to grant me this request had I asked him, but I dared not do so. Her beauty might save her. My love might condemn her. So I led Costa to believe that she was no more to me than any other woman.

In my lonely hours I was not idle. I examined my cell, its doors and its walls and the locked trap in the corner. The walls and the floor were hopeless. Such solid masonry would yield but slowly to a company of men with all appliances at hand. But the trap attracted me. It was a way out I knew, even if it were only dead men who took it. I wonder how often and how long I have stood gazing at the trap, fascinated by the thoughts it gave rise to.

To be Continued.

"I TOLD YOU THAT I ALWAYS CRUSHED MY ENEMIES."

The Beauty of Spring in the Land of the Maple Leaf

Spring is a resurrection of nature, and human nature also awakens to new hopes. A story of a benign season is given when the rising of the sap signalizes the budding of the tree, when the rivers sing a song of freedom and the birds add their songs to the voices of little children in streets or country lanes.

Though Spring and beauty can be found anywhere, it is in the country that it is ideal. Here one can watch the tilling of the soil, the plowing and planting that the earth may yield for the needs of man. Nova Scotia is delightful, for there the bustle and stress of our modern era does not exist. It is a part of that ancient country of Acadia, and it is one of the most beautiful provinces in the Dominion of Canada. There is no part of Nova Scotia more permeated with poetic legend and historic lore than the Annapolis Valley, Windsor, Grand Pre and Gaspereau. They were centres of events in the early history of the North American continent, for French explorers visited this section as far back as 1604.

Quebec Province in spring is equally lovely, and especially the rural districts near the fortified Old World city of Quebec. Old Norman farm houses sprawl along country streets for miles. Wayside shrines are many in this devout province. Glimpses are had through quaint courtyards or narrow galleries of women at their spinning wheels. Here, as in sections of Nova Scotia, time is apparently not fought for as elsewhere.

Quebec is lovely in May, especially during the Canadian Folk Song and Handicraft Festival, to be held this year from May 24-28. At the Chateau Frontenac one is transported into past decades, seeing the work of the habitants as they ply their shuttles of distaffs. The musical programmes are those of the early French Canadians, habitant melodies, brought over originally by the French of early days.

It is refreshing in this age to have a little of the peace of the old world, and Quebec is impregnated with an atmosphere of romance and pastoral beauty. Spring days quicken the wanderlust, and with the first notes of the meadow lark and robin the country attracts, and "Only the call of the long white road to the far horizons wall" lures and beckons to the unknown places, beautiful in Spring.

Reindeer Meat.

Reindeer meat may find its way to the dining-rooms of Western Canada if the plans of the Dominion Reindeer Company are successful. This organization, which is now actively engaged in the reindeer business in Alaska is moving 4,000 fawns this spring to a lease of 2,000,000 acres in the McKenzie river territory, which is being granted by the Federal Government. It is estimated that sales of reindeer meat in 1929 will be $9,000 increasing to $45,000 in the following year.

The Napanee Express

Published each Tuesday

Will carry the Advertisements of The Canadian Department Stores, Limited

FRIDAY BARGAINS

The Canadian Department Stores under new management will have an important message for the public each week, which will mean Saving of Dollars for their customers.

Subscribe for THE EXPRESS and get all the News while it is fresh.

You can save the price of the paper each week by taking advantage of the bargains offered.

$1.50 A YEAR

Payable in advance

TERMS - CASH
ONE PRICE

Goods Satisfactory or Money Refunded

THE CANADIAN DEPARTMENT-STORES, LIMITED

Friday is Bargain Day

Delivery Free on orders of $5.00 or over.

On lesser amounts a charge of 10c. per delivery call is required.

Special Friday Clearance of Women's and Misses' Tweed and Kashette Travel Coats

Reg. $22.50 and $27.50 grades for sale at **$18.95**

These are not Coats cheaply manufactured for sale purposes—on the contrary, they are garments in the very forefront of the mode that were especially manufactured for people of discriminating preferences. Even the materials and the linings are of superior calibre.

Styles adhere to fashionable straight-line silhouettes of tailored or semi-tailored effects.

Several are collared and a few are cuffed of fur.

The Tweeds show a variety of distinctive patterns, in neat check and plaid effects.

The Kashettes are in plain colorings, with contrasting color trimmings.

The color range includes tones of Natural, Grey, Blue, Tan, Green, plain shades.

The Tweed mixtures include the same colorings.

You'll find these superior coats for sports, for street, for travel and for motor wear..... **$18.95**

10 Dozen Pairs Full Fashioned Thread Silk Hose

In Eight Colors

Very Special at $1.19 Pair

The silk in this particular Bargain Day special will please the eye. And the enduring service will prove an economy that will please the purse. It is a decidedly popular grade in full fashioned, service weight thread silk hose. Fine, durable mercerized soles, heels, toes and garter welts.

They are trim fitting stockings that will retain their shape after repeated washings.

In shades of Pearl Blush, Zinc, Black, Beige, Gunmetal, Nude, Parchment, White. Sizes range from 8½ to 10. Please note, "you will not find all sizes in every shade"—So be on hand early..... **$1.19 Pair**

165 yds. of Georgette Crepe

A Special Bargain Feature

At 98c. Per Yard

The value here is a strong example of the effect of mass buying. The quality is exceptionally attractive, firm and of splendid weight for dress purposes.

This Bargain feature is doubly advantageous because "Georgette Crepe" is much in demand for summer dresses.

Choose from the following shades—Rose, Pink, Powder, Sand, Yellow, Radio, White, Navy, Grey, Brown, Black. 38 inches wide ..... **98c. Yard**

Heavy Dress-weight Crepe-de-Chene

36 inches wide

On Sale Friday at $1.29 per yd.

To miss getting in on this special is to miss a real treat. The silk is of superb heavy quality, especally appropriate for dress-making.

With the summer season here, you'll want several cheery, bright frocks, so be sure to choose your materials on Friday.

Procurable in shades of :

French Beige, Grecian Rose, Yellow, Green, Sand, Cocoa, White, Navy and Black..... **$1.29 Yard**

600 yds. Kingcot and Anderson's Ginghams

On Sale Saturday 19c. yd.

Save as you spend would make a great slogan for Bargain Days. Certainly the savings on these two famous dress ginghams are very apparent. Every yard being offered for Friday is considerably below regular. The qualities are serviceable and dependable, the colors reasonably permanent. Comes in 31 and 32 inch widths.

Choose from plan colors, checks and plaids. Shades of Blue, Green, Pink, Yellow, Mauve, Rose, Pink.... **19c. Yard**

25 better grade Spring and Summer Hats

Regular $7.95 and $10.00 Lines

To Clear $5.00 Each

The assortment is restricted from a standpoint of quantity, likewise exclusive from the viewpoint of style and color. They come from the workrooms of our best Canadian manufacturers. They are authentic in line, in color and in ornamentation. Styles are divided into tailored and semi-tailored effects, many of them interestingly feminine with their flower trimmings. Just the hats that will appeal to smart dressers. In a splendid range of seasonable colorings. The economies here range from $2.50 to $5.00 per hat..... **$5.00**

The "Do It Now" of Business

"DO IT NOW" has come to be accepted as one of the most vital instruments to successful enterprise.

In business, Cash is the "Do It Now" agent in buying and selling. Cash provides the immediate means of cheaper, wider and more rapid service.

As a business increases its cash sales it finds readier access to all sources of supply, and to more and more advantageous prices.

The cash selling of the C. D. S. enterprises make it increasingly possible to give the best prices to C. D. S. customers.

C. D. S. cash pricing produces the highest average of values and service at the lowest prices.

Canadian Department Stores Limited

New Prices for Bargain Days on Velvet Rugs

4 ft. 6 in. x 7 ft. 6 in	9 ft. x 9 ft.	9 ft. x 10 ft. 6 in.	9 ft. x 12 ft.
$13.95 Each	$39.50 Each	$44.95 Each	$49.50 Each

The sale prices on these rugs spell economy very forcibly. The rugs are a part of a direct shipment to C. D. S. stores. They are of high grade, seamless Scotch velvet quality that wears exceptionally well. The extremely artistic patterns are in semi-oriental effects. The colorings are a skilful blending of blue, rose, Gold and mulberry tones on a sandstone colored background. See them on Bargain Days.

Second Shipment

500 yds. Single Thread Fugi Silk

To Clear Bargain Days at

53c. per yard

This is an extremely low price on this quality of Fugi, and is for one day only. Its sturdy weave will give excellent service. The colorings will stand repeated tubbings. Comes in 31 inch widths that cut to splendid advantage in making up dresses or lingerie. Obtainable in these delightful summer shades—Orchid, Tan, Sky Blue, New Blue, Pitch-pine, Sand, Maize, Apricot, White, Grey, Pink, Yellow. **53c. Yard**

Interesting Specials for Bargain Day Shoppers

8-Foot Fan Shaped Trellis

On Sale Friday 65c. Ea.

These very artistic shaped trellises are indispensable for climbing plants. They come about eight feet high, pointed on one end. The spread at the top is about 42 inches. Finished in white wood, ready to paint. Excellent for climbing roses and vines. Special.. **65c. Ea.**

Colored Handkerchiefs

In Boxes

On Sale at Half Price

These gaily colored hankies tell a picturesque summertime story. You will want one to go with every dress. May be chosen in linen or fine cotton.

Reg. 65c. lines for **33c.** ; 50c. for **25c.** ; 25c. for **13c.**

Colored Window Draperies

Grades up to $1.75 for

98c. yard

Grades from $1.75 to $2.75 for

$1.49 yard

This feature is a special Bargain Day round-up of short lengths in window draperies. In the lot are attractive patterns and colors in Rayons, Madras, and Hand Block Prints. These materials have been especially created for window draperies and will cut to good advantage. All the modern color schemes are well represented. Remember, our quantities are low, so be on hand early. On sale Second Floor.

New Store Hours

Open 9 a.m. — Close 6 p.m.

Every day, including Saturday

Radium Laces, Overlaces, Flouncings

On Sale 25c. yd.

The sale price represents only a fraction of the actual value of these materials. They come in widths up to 36 inches and in colors of Navy Blue, Black, Gold and Black, Brown and Cream. You'll find these trimmings very useful in re-fashioning formal dresses.

Be on hand early to look them over and to get your share **25c. yd.**

5 Dozen Striped Porch Dresses

Special $1.50 Each

When you examine these dresses, you will realize how inexpensive and what excellent value they are. All are made from a splendid quality, sturdy, striped mercerized cotton. Short kimono sleeves, have stitched cuffs ; belt forms bow at back and ribbon closes opening at neck.

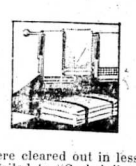
Assorted colors and sizes ..... **$1.50 Ea.**

600 More Pairs of Turkish Bath Towels 49c. Pr.

Large 20 x 40 inch size

Heavy Absorbent Quality

Decorated in Beautiful Colors



Our first 600 pairs of these towels were cleared out in less than two hours. Hundreds of our customers failed to "Cash-in" on this extraordinary value.

To give everyone a chance we secured another fifty dozen and are reserving the entire lot for Bargain Day Shoppers on Friday.

Towels are of the same superb quality, heavy in weight and very absorbent. Are finished with hemmed ends. Come in white ground colors, artistically decorated with colored stripes and borders in shades of Blue, Pink, Green, Gold and Lavender.

These are Towels that can be used every day in every home.

Be sure to get a liberal supply on Friday

49c. Pair

THE CANADIAN DEPARTMENT STORES LIMITED